The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 13, 1957

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WORLD ON A PRECIPICE

THE past decade has brought into common usage a particularly ominous batch of politically descriptive words and phrases.

They range, with almost gay abandon, from "Cold War" and "Titoism" to "Iron Curtain" and even the deliberately distorted use of that difficult little word "Peace."

None of them does a thing to lower the collective blood-pressure of a world that has suffered two major wars and many minor ones in the past 40 years.

But in the past year a new word has joined the verbal satellites to circle the world like a Sputnik.

That is "Brinkmanship," the almost perfect word to describe how world leaders manage to totter on the edge of war without falling off.

Every time Mr. Kruschev rattles a rocket, he has one foot on the brink and another in space.

And every time Mr. John Foster Dulles waves an H-bomb, he's also performing a precarious balancing act.

Brinkmanship is fine, though somewhat trying for world nerves, so long as Mr. Kruschev doesn't slip or Mr. Dulles doesn't trip.

And so long as someone doesn't push either of them.

But perhaps the new Anglo-American solidarity, which stems from the recent Washington talks, and the power struggle within Communist leadership, which still seems to be going on in Russia, may encourage both sides to move back from the brink.

Even a few yards back would do.

Our cover

● The happy couple on the cover of our summer bridal issue this week are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith, of Sydney. The bride was formerly Marie Flynn, of Barraba, N.S.W. The bridesmaid, in the background, is the bride's sister Jannifer.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● ***Seven of the eight pretty hostesses who flew into Sydney recently for the opening of the new Qantas building wore colorful national costumes of Singapore, Manila, Honolulu, Hongkong, and Tokio. The eighth, Ramona Kaciel, of Vancouver, felt like the odd girl out.***

LOOKING round at her gaily garbed companions, Ramona, dressed neatly in a light-weight suit, said wryly:

"I wish I could have got me a dashing outfit. Waal, no, not a Mountie—an Indian, perhaps?

"I feel like going round, putting up one hand, and saying, 'How!' "

Ramona told us she also felt like a giant alongside her diminutive colleagues.

★ ★ ★

UNLIKE their sisters overseas, comparatively few Australian women are June brides.

Most popular marrying periods for Australians are round Easter and Christmas. That is why we have planned our special summer bridal issue for this week.

The reason for these marrying dates, according to the statisticians, is that they fit in with annual holiday leave for thousands of employees.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the bridal picture on this week's cover was taken, neither the photographer nor the couple knew it would appear on our front page. Neither did we.

The bride, Mrs. Gordon Smith, formerly Marie Flynn, works as a secretary in our art department.

Charles Cameron, a member of our photographic staff, was invited to the wedding, and took his own camera along with him to record the event for Marie.

When we saw the result, we thought it would make a wonderful cover for our bridal issue.

★ ★ ★

THE cover-design contest for the Carols By Candlelight souvenir programme has been won by R. Farmer, of Canberra.

First prize is 50 guineas. The second prize of 20 guineas went to Meg Gregory, of Penshurst.

Carols By Candlelight will be held in Hyde Park, Sydney, on Sunday, December 15. The Governor of N.S.W., Lieutenant-General E. W. Woodward, and Mrs. Woodward will be the official guests.

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IN THE FASHION FIELD FOR FLEMINGTON

● *Australia's greatest spring fashion parade each year is the racing carnival highlighted by the Melbourne Cup at Flemington. Here are enthusiasts in dresses chosen for Cup Week.*

FROM CANBERRA. The United Kingdom High Commissioner in Australia, Lord Carrington, with Lady Carrington, who chose a fitted suit of clotted-cream pure silk and a black velvet platter.

ABOVE: Racing enthusiasts from Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin, of Killara, who regularly visit Melbourne for Cup Week. She is in a white silk-linen suit and toque massed with carnations.

ABOVE: Cherry Borthwick teamed a sky-blue Chanel-inspired suit of rodier wool with her beret of white hydrangeas finished with a navy-blue bow.

BELOW: Eve Grimwade (left) and her sister, Roseanne, chose pastel colors for the races. Eve's lilac organza hat was trimmed with violets, while Roseanne's tiny hat was of off-white satin bows.

ATTRACTIVE Virginia Smith in a black-and-white bank-check pure-silk taffeta dress. Her beret was of lily of the valley, traditional flower of the spring racing carnival.

RIGHT: Mrs. Maurice Nathan in a Dior model of off-white faille printed in lilac, the flowers that were also massed on her bottle-green tulle hat.

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FROM CONTOURE BARS—LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS

"PIN-UP" MOTHERS:

● ***This year Grace Kelly, of Hollywood, and Gina Lollobrigida, of Rome, joined the ranks of the world's most glamorous mothers. These two stories from London writers give the latest news of them.***

RECENT PICTURES of Princess Grace, who expects her second baby in March. Prince Rainier (below) carries Princess Caroline as they arrive at their Paris home. Here and below (right) the prince sports his newly acquired beard.

No more films, says Grace

From our London office

PRINCESS GRACE of Monaco is not going to have the saliva test so many Parisian women are taking now to determine the sex of their unborn babies, nor is she bothering to do any special natural-birth exercises like Gina Lollobrigida.

She will have her second baby like her first, with a whiff of anaesthetic during the actual delivery.

Where did I get these details? You might think they came from the Princess herself, since they concern her so intimately.

But no. This is the age of the personal publicist — and the facts came from a charming young French girl.

She works for Rogers, Cowan, and Jacobs Incorporated, and they, as they put it, "are now representing Their Serene Highnesses in all personal publicity."

They told me that the English Press has not always been kind to the Princess.

I promised to be kind, and away we went.

The reason she is not bothering with the saliva test, I was told, is that she is "just as pleased as she can be that she is having another baby so soon. She and Prince Rainier plan to have a large family, so that the sex doesn't really matter."

The second baby will arrive at the end of March, but as yet Princess Grace has not decided whether to have it in the palace, as with Caroline, or in hospital.

In any case, the last birth was very normal and easy.

"Princess Grace continues to feel well and full of energy," said Messrs. R., C., and J. Incorporated, who scotched the whisper that Princess Grace was anxious to get her babies over quickly so that she could return to films.

"Though she is still 'very cosy' with her old studio, she has no desire to make another picture," they said.

Like the Queen, who took old favorites to Canada, Princess Grace has also been economising on clothes. She has had very few new maternity clothes made. In Paris recently she wore the tweed Dior suit and other outfits she had had made for exactly this time last year.

I asked for up-to-the-minute news of Princess Caroline.

"They simply adore the baby, and spend every spare minute with her," the publicists told me.

Caroline, who was nine months old a few days ago, is crawling now, says "Dadda." She has very deep blue eyes.

According to her mood, she looks like both parents. She has Princess Grace's infectious giggle, and loves music. At present she has a passion for her dog and Teddy, and music-boxes.

I hear that in Monaco Princess Grace has completely settled down to palace life.

She takes a great interest in running the domestic side of the palace, and personally chooses the menu every day.

She likes to do some of the cooking herself, and is very good at cakes, apparently.

We then touched on the subject of the Prince's beard.

"She likes him with or without, but she finds a beard rather fun," was the official answer.

I didn't ask my 64,000-dollar question of whether, in fact, it was true that Princess Grace has tamed the Prince into a more genial and gentle character.

It didn't seem necessary. R., C., and J. Incorporated, who, incidentally, also handle personal publicity for Marilyn Monroe and Marlene Dietrich, had anticipated me.

"You have only to see them together to know that they are two happy people who are genuinely deeply in love," is their verdict. "They never call each other by their Christian names—just darling!"

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My figure? It's a cinch, says Lollo

From BETTY BEST, of our London staff.

● When Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida arrived in London with her original 21-inch waist only two months after her baby was born, mothers near and far grabbed their newspapers in the hope that they might discover her secret.

THEY read general statements of careful diet, exercising, and massage from Gina and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic.

They read of the star's happy psychological outlook. They read vague references to "natural childbirth."

What they didn't read was that for all public appearances, including stepping off an aircraft, Gina wears a very tight-fitting wasp-waist girdle.

This doesn't mean that Gina's figure is anything but miraculous, all circumstances considered. It certainly is.

"Ate for one"

But any star with her famous proportions would be a fool not to ensure that she looks her best for the cameras. Also any wife with eagle-eyed Milko Skofic for a husband-manager would not be given a chance to "let herself go."

In London Gina wore her clinging gowns on all occasions with a quiet smile of confidence which would have done justice to any foundation-garment advertisement.

However, there is far more to the story than a wasp-waist girdle, and it can be summed up in one word—commonsense. Both Gina and Milko have plenty of this commodity.

When talking of her waistline, Gina said: "The secret is in the amount one eats during those very important nine months. I did not eat too much. I ate for one — not two.

"As a result, I've never felt better in my life. Having a baby is much easier than doing a film."

Fat danger

Gina does not forget that she comes from good peasant stock with many centuries of open-air life behind it. Her hardworking family, like all Italian families, gives little emphasis to childbirth.

Even so, Gina is a small-boned woman only 5ft. 2in. tall and would be the type to go to fat early in life if she were not careful.

No doubt her doctor husband had this in mind when he started her on a strict routine during her pregnancy.

He insisted on plenty of rest — no difficulty in their magnificent ten-room pink villa on Rome's Appian Way. Their acres of landscaped garden at the villa provided fresh air and sunlight in the beautiful Italian climate, and if Gina had to go out their bright red car was always ready to prevent strain.

Gina said that during her pregnancy she had the first real rest from hard work in her life, and this in itself put her into an ideal frame of mind for the routine that followed.

"We Italians are never faddy about our food," she said, "so like all my countryfolk I enjoy spaghetti and pasta. The difference is that I enjoy it in moderation.

"I eat plenty of fruit and vegetables and have everything cooked with olive oil, making a perfectly balanced diet."

At the same time Dr. Skofic kept Gina on a strict course of exercises to maintain muscle tension and reduce any unnecessary weight she might acquire by her unaccustomed rest.

A LONDON photographer caught this shot of Gina Lollobrigida, showing the famous 21-inch waist, only two months after the birth of her son. The glamorous Italian star says there are no secrets about her figure—simply a very tight-waisted girdle and lots of commonsense.

LOLLO'S SON, Milko, was only a few days old when this picture was taken in a Rome hospital. He weighed 9lb. 6oz. at birth.

As well as outdoor exercise like walks and light tennis, he employed a permanent masseuse who pummelled away at Gina's famous curves at least once or twice a day.

Not once did Dr. Skofic subscribe to exotic diet methods or fall victim to any one special exercising system which could be labelled as belonging to any particular practitioner.

Own methods

"Any methods used," he said, "were my own and built up from my own knowledge."

Gina had a comparatively easy and natural, unaided childbirth.

As soon as she got out of bed she resumed her exercises and diet, and the masseuse went back into action.

As a result she was able to start work within a month, but, as she says herself, this is by no means unusual in Italy (or anywhere else), where many mothers have to go back to some kind of work almost as soon as they get out of hospital.

Her London agent said: "For Gina there was no need to resume housework and drudgery of rushing to the corner shop for provisions or getting the family washing in off the line. She could concentrate entirely on getting back into condition."

A sandwich

Even so, when Gina arrived in London she admitted she was tired by the sudden return to work and got as much rest as she could in her Savoy Hotel suite.

Leaving London she was still her "eternal-mother" enthusiastic self, announcing proudly: "I intend to have more babies and do more pictures. Like a sandwich . . . Now I do a picture, then I have a baby. Then maybe another picture, then maybe another baby. It is a perfect life."

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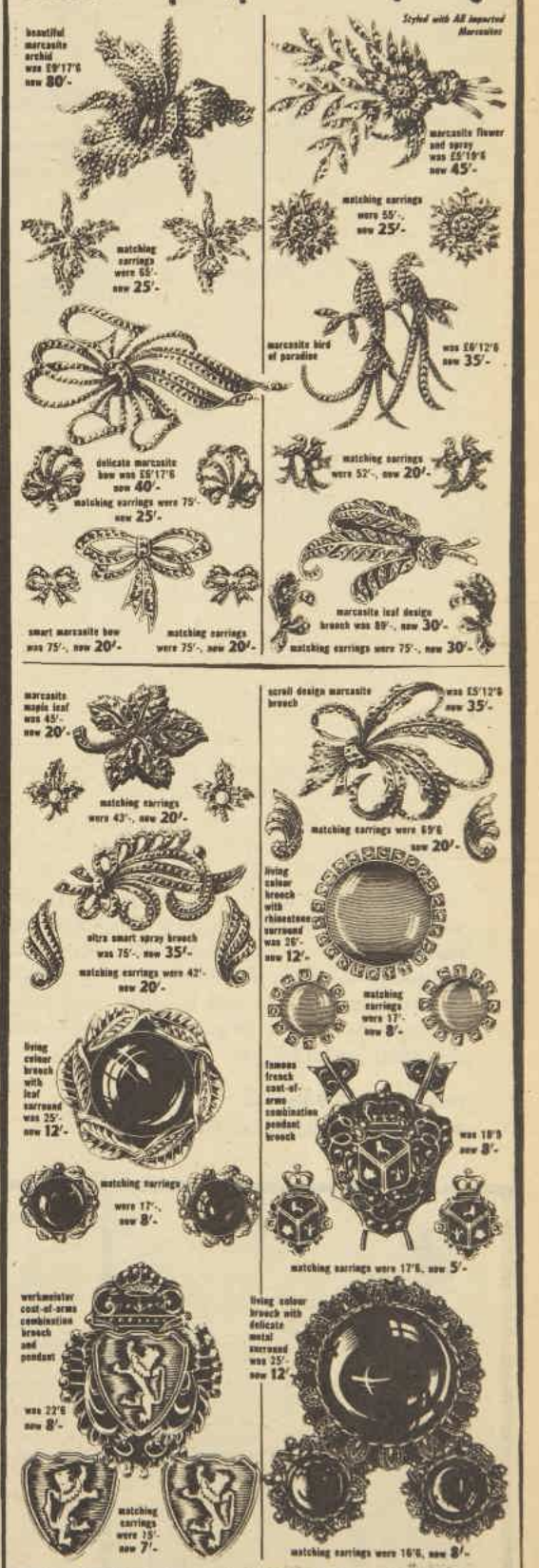

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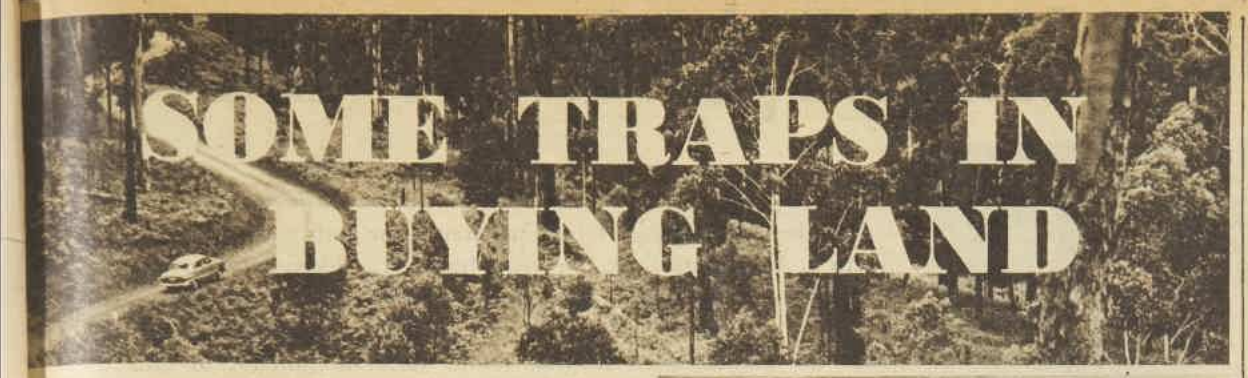

SOME TRAPS IN BUYING LAND

By RONALD McKIE

• Current allegations of fraudulent land dealings have frightened many home-seekers. This story is a broad guide to some of the problems you face when buying land.

THAT piece of land you've seen, overlooking that wooded gully, may be your dream block—or a trap. Buying land can be tricky and costly in more ways than one. So beware.

If you're wise you'll first check on the real-estate agent who is selling the land you have your eyes on.

There are 1200 members of the Real Estate Institute of N.S.W., and you can be "reasonably sure," as secretary Victor Collins says, of getting "honest, efficient service" from these members.

There are about 2500 estate agents who, for a number of reasons, are not members of the institute: They don't want to be, or they have never sought membership or they would not be accepted as members if they applied, or they have been thrown out of the institute.

Most are honest

Most of these 2500 are honest men who know their job, but among them are crooks, snide fellows (including standover men and bullies), who stay just within the law, plus a sprinkling of incompetents and inexperienced men.

Nasty fellows like the agent who took a young couple to a subdivision in a remote area outside Sydney, and who intimidated them into paying a deposit under threat of abandoning them in the bush.

The Real Estate Institute will always advise you whether the agent you're interested in is one of its members.

But keep away from any agent, for example, who wants to charge you commission on a sale. Reputable agents charge the owner of the land.

But if you have instructed an agent to act for you—and many people do this—then the agent is fully entitled to charge you.

Your next problem is to inspect the site. This doesn't mean just looking at it, for a block can have more snares on it and around it than a rabbit-trapped paddock.

If you have an architect, or a good builder is advising you, he will inspect the site and look for the traps, but if you are on your own you need the answers to a lot of questions.

The first concern is the land itself. The block may be badly broken up, or it may slope steeply, or may be mostly rock close to the surface or mostly clay. Any of these features could add materially to the cost of foundations, and to the total cost of the house you want to build.

Drainage is another problem. The site may look perfect in dry weather, but after rain it may become a bog.

How often, for example, have you seen houses built on semi-swampland that has been covered by a few feet of soil and ash. To the stranger it looks good. But the local who knows his area wouldn't touch it with a pole.

Slope and drainage, of course, are also important if the area is not sewered and you want to put in a septic tank.

One of the most important things to discover—through Water Board, Gas Company, and Sydney County Council—is whether water and power, gas or electricity, or both, are available at the site.

Does the agent's "soon" mean this year or five years ahead?

Recently in Sydney land buyers were told by an agent that water and power "ran by the land." This was technically true, but because of some distribution problem these services were not available to the land the agent was trying to sell—and would not be available for years.

But these are only some of the questions you must have answered. There are many more.

Ask the agent if the area is zoned for residential purposes, whether it is a brick area, whether you can build the type of house you want.

Ask him, if you propose to build yourself, whether you can live in the garage while you build your home, because many councils don't allow this.

Ask him if the area is subject to what are known as "easements" — whether it is part of any projected land resumption or road-widening scheme, any drainage, power, or any other scheme, such as a town planning scheme, like the Cumberland plan, which may affect the land.

Don't buy in a green belt area, because you can't build on it.

Make sure, when you're buying land in a new subdivision, that the subdivision has the approval of the local council.

A YOUNG COUPLE consult a solicitor about purchase of the land they have selected for their home. Their negotiations can now be made directly between the solicitor and real-estate agent.

And before committing yourself to a contract make sure that the seller is in a position to transfer the title to you when you have completed your purchase.

Another precaution is to discover whether the title to the land is what's known as an "old title" or a Torrens title. An old title can and often does involve much difficult and costly search.

Clear titles

This is most important.

In subdivisions, for instance, it is not unusual to find that the owner has not a clear title to the land. He has given a mortgage over the property and can't give a title until the mortgage is paid off.

If you are an early buyer in a subdivision you might have to wait a long, long time to get a clear title to your block.

Another thing, equally important: Most people these days have to borrow money to build. But no bank or insurance company or building society will look at you unless you can produce the title deeds of the land as security.

Be as cautious as a sewer rat if you are not satisfied with any of the answers you get to any of these questions.

If you have any doubts, wave goodbye to the agent. There's something phony about him.

If you are satisfied, and the land is what you want, the time has come to pay a deposit—a small deposit—and not more than 10 per cent. of the purchase price, and SUBJECT TO THE CONTRACT BEING SIGNED.

But don't sign a thing—even if the agent is as handsome as Cary Grant or as amusing as Danny Kaye.

The point about contracts is that if you don't enter into a contract you can recover your deposit.

If you're an ultra-cautious type and extra legal fees don't worry you, you would have consulted a solicitor right at the start—immediately you found the block of land you seriously considered buying.

But if you're a reasonably cautious, wise man or woman and also want to keep legal fees down, your next move, under this broadly outlined plan, is to find a solicitor after paying a deposit.

And make certain, through bank, insurance company, or building society, that he is a solicitor who knows land problems.

Get a solicitor

The best advice is never buy land without a good solicitor at your elbow — or closer if there's room.

Then instruct your real-estate agent to conduct all negotiations about the land from now on direct with your solicitor.

Many agents insist on this and won't sign contracts in their own offices, but many, equally reputable, do.

Once the solicitor takes charge he will study and confirm all your own findings about the land, and will finally arrange for the contract to be signed — in his office—and for you to pay the balance on the land.

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SEVEN FAMOUS MANNEQUINS for our...

● Seven famous mannequins will fly to Australia to show the last collection presented by Christian Dior before his sudden death at Montecatini, in Northern Italy. The designer, who was very proud of his mannequins, often described them as "ambassadresses of fashion." To obtain a story of the girls' lives away from the glamor of a fashion salon, Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, interviewed each in her home. She introduces . . .

SVETLANA:

Doe-eyed, 23-year-old Svetlana Kassinof (right), Russian by birth, was brought up in Cairo until at 14 she was sent to England to study classical dancing.

Five years later she was a member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. While dancing in the Old Vic production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in New York she was injured in a car accident, immobilised for months, and had to give up ballet. However, she obtained a small part in "The King and I" and about a year ago, while on holiday in Paris, was engaged by Dior as a mannequin.

Here, after a last-minute fitting, she poses beside a ladder used by painters to touch up the main salon before the collection opening.

DENYSE: Fair-haired Denyse Girard is a symbol of all small girls whose dreams come true. The daughter of French-Canadians, she was born in Montreal, but came to Europe when she was 14 to stay with an aunt in Monte Carlo. Denyse went to high school in Nice, finishing school in England, and when she completed her studies last year told a friend of Christian Dior that she wanted to be a mannequin. Dior agreed to see her, but said he could promise nothing and did not need any more mannequins. However, when the designer saw her he liked her, thought she would be good in a role of a young girl, and of the bride in his parades, and gave her four dresses to wear. Now—in her second season—she has a full wardrobe.

LIA: Born in Bucharest, Rumania, Lia has red-gold hair and golden skin deepened by a dusting of freckles. Essentially feminine and gentle, she never suffers from the "crises de temperament" that are the terror of the dress houses.

She is always helpful. If you ask for an appointment for photographing at 8 a.m., when you know she has been working late the night before, she will pout a little and say "It's very early," but she will be there, fresh and smiling.

Lia is engaged to a civil engineer, and shares a flat with her mother, Madame Stern, who always attends the opening of a collection. Lia feels that she brings her luck and, although places are worth their weight in gold on these occasions, she manages to get a corner for her mother.

This year Madame Stern was late and, as the salons filled, Lia kept slipping out of the cabine to look for her. An anguished kitten-face was pressed against the banister as she called down to the girls at the door, "Where is my mother?"

When she is not looking for a flat to live in after her marriage, Lia spends hours in art galleries and museums.

FRANCE: Described by Dior as the greatest mannequin he has ever employed, France is also the tallest. She is a blonde; a "Lemmy Caution" blonde, in fact.

When asked what she liked, France replied, "Oh, I like living." She likes the good things of life—antiques, clothes, travel, parties, and being admired. She has a keen interest in motor-racing and never misses a chance to follow her favorite sport. But even more than fast cars, France loves animals. Her constant companion is Cara, a boxer with a comfortable middle-aged spread and no pedigree, whose mother belonged to film and stage star Jean Pierre Aumont.

While France is showing dresses, Cara waits in the lobby, where she greets all visitors, but she prefers to lie at France's feet in the already overcrowded cabine.

"One day I want to own lots of dogs, cats, and horses," said France. "At present it's not possible. It's bad enough leaving Cara when I have to go away. I just don't know what she's going to do while I am in Australia."

During a visit to South America, France met and married a rich planter. "I fall in and out of love so easily," she said, to explain why she is back in the Dior salons.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824804

DIOR parades

LUCKY: One of the most photographed mannequins in the world, Lucky has a 15-year-old daughter who wants to be a chemist.

Lucky is president of the French Mannequins' Association and is the complete professional. In front of a camera she falls into a series of poses, each one apparently spontaneous, but each carefully studied. She knows the exact angle from which she looks best and which gestures photograph best.

She applies the same concentration to modelling, studying the dress and thinking out each movement and step to display it.

In spite of her name, Lucky is not leaving her future to chance. She has a school for mannequins, supervising and teaching when she has time. Even in the feverish days before a new collection she sees her pupils every lunchtime.

Lucky's husband has a costume and evening-dress hire service and they live quietly in a flat on the fringes of Montmartre. "We are too busy to live a gay life," said Lucky.

• The Dior parades have been organised by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne, and David Jones Ltd., Sydney. Dates are: Melbourne, November 23 to December 4; Sydney, December 7 to 14.

SIMONE: Tall, not brilliantly blond nor yet brunette, Simone (left) is the duchess-type. With her straight nose, beautiful cheekbones, and long neck she moves through the salons with the air of a hostess in her own drawing-room.

In private life she is Madame Meunier, living with her husband and three-year-old son in a flat near the Cite Universitaire. While she is working a nanny looks after the boy, but if she can get away early she joins them in the Botanical Gardens on the Left Bank.

When not modelling, Simone likes to wear simple suits and cashmere pullovers. Grey flannel is her favorite, and around her neck she often wears a good-luck charm—a huge cat's claw set in gold on a fine gold chain.

ODILE: The only regret Odile (right) has in going to Australia is leaving her six-months-old daughter Anne. "Babies change so much in a month," she said, "and it's such fun to watch them grow."

Odile's husband, Robert Lamoral, is an engineer and they live in a modern flat, with big picture windows overlooking trees in surrounding gardens.

"It's the next best thing to the country," she said. "I was born in the provinces and I cannot get used to the city."

When she has a few minutes to spare between shows Odile plans tempting menus for her huband, who loves good food, and knits for Anne, whose nursery is full of presents from the other mannequins. There is a baby basket from one, a changing table from another, dolls, and a dressing-gown Lucky brought back from a recent trip to New York.

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You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you *can't* offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

S091

"Look! WE'VE got weeds like these!

It seems to me

I HOPE I didn't start anyone on the road to ruin last week by mentioning that £2 win at the races. If so, perhaps it is wise to mention that I lost it the following week.

Whether this was due to the System or faulty interpretation of it I am not sure. Racing systems are like recipes — dangerous in the hands of novices who tamper with them.

You could possibly put a couple of items on the credit side of the ledger.

One — I learned the location of Rosehill racecourse, a piece of knowledge which I never previously missed.

Two—it was instructive to travel in a racecourse special train. Regular punters appear to be solitary fellows, travelling alone and reading from form guides in silence. Any resemblance between their occupation and pleasure is hard to discern.

(Most of my experience of racecourses has been as a social reporter. That view of it is quite different. In fact I attended races for years without ever seeing a horse.)

All in all this recent excursion was not encouraging, especially if you add to the day's losses Damage to Hairset caused by unwise decision to go hatless on windy day and Depreciation of Feet.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of feet reminds me of the notice in a shop window in Hunter Street, Sydney.

It says: "Come in and have a chat about your feet."

After the day at the races, I bet my feet would have liked to go in and have a chat about me.

"We never complain, or hardly ever," they would probably say, "but if SHE thinks that we were meant to walk round a racecourse for four hours on spike heels she ought to wake up to herself."

★ ★ ★

LANGUAGE is never static unless it's dead. At present correspondents from Russia are giving an interesting new meaning to a commonplace phrase.

"Mr. Kruschev was in high spirits," they say quite often. Mr. K. was "in high spirits" last week when he announced that Marshal Zhukov would soon get a new job for which he was suited.

The radio report continued describing the occasion on which Mr. K. made this announcement. It was a diplomatic reception. K. and Co. drank several toasts.

You can understand how necessary it must be for a correspondent in Moscow to choose suitable words for describing Mr. Kruschev's demeanor at these parties. "In high spirits" is a charming solution.

In time the saying may go into the English language.

"The defendant," says the prosecuting sergeant to the magistrate, "was in high spirits when he threw the brick through the plate-glass window."

THIS is our summer wedding issue, which reminds me that the other day I saw in a magazine a three months' pre-wedding time-table for the guidance of brides.

I read it through with academic interest, noting that the groom is seldom mentioned except at long-spaced intervals in rather peremptory manner.

Here and there were such items as "Remind groom to buy wedding ring, "Check on honeymoon with groom."

You can imagine a typical telephone dialogue:

"Is that you, Mary? What about the pictures tonight?"

"No, I'm too busy—oh, just a minute. I wish to check the honeymoon plans."

"We decided that two months ago."

"Yes, but have you bought the tickets, booked the hotel? Have you looked over your luggage?"

"Yes, yes—if you're not coming to the pictures, will I come round for supper?"

"No. Now I can get ahead with the invitations that are on Monday's list."

"When will I see you?"

"Well, it says here that next Saturday week I'll ring to see whether you've ordered flowers."

"Will that be all?"

"Yes—at least, no. It doesn't say so here, but I'd better ring the day before the wedding to remind you of the appointment."

★ ★ ★

THE average woman customer is 5ft. 4in. tall, and the maximum "impulse sales" in self-service stores are attained by placing goods on shelves at a level between her eyes and heart, according to a recent issue of "The Retail Week." The writer adds that "demand items" (necessities) can be placed higher or lower. So, with apologies to Byron . . .

She walks in beauty. See, her height
Is perfect for your impulse buys,
And what you put before her sight
She notices with well-placed eyes,
And if your selling line is right
Your goods she fingers, takes, and tries.

One foot the more, one foot the less,
Will still be well within her scope
For items that her needs impress—
Like tea or butter, even soap.
But luxuries that you would stress—
Twixt eye and heart your only hope.

She walks in beauty—not at night
While shopping hours are fixed by law—
But grocers for her custom fight
And figure how to sell her more
By placing where her eyes alight
"Tinned peaches — special — two and four."

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Watch it or play at it, but by all means wear a Hanes sport shirt when you do. Why Hanes? Because it's tailored for comfort . . . in action or at rest. It gives with every motion. It's shrink-resistant, full-cut, stays tucked in. And those wonderful new colors make you look as good as you feel. Hanes sport shirts are fully washable and laughably low in price. Pick up two or three today. At good stores everywhere!

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in the new, lovelier "Jewel" container

THIS loveliest of all talcs is now available everywhere in its new, colourful, gem-design pack. So modern, yet tasteful in appearance, that you will be proud to keep it on your dressing table.

This larger pack is an "economy-size" addition to the Gemey talcum range—an economy-size with a luxury look! See the new Gemey Jewel' Talc at your favourite chemist or store. You'll admire the attractive container and you'll revel in the enchantingly fragrant, lovelier, after-bath freshness Gemey Talcum gives you . . . a freshness which *lasts*, because of an amazing ingredient that neutralises the source of perspiration odours!

Gemey—loveliest of all talcs—now in three handsome containers

4/9
Regular container, with twist-type top.

5/11
Jewel container, with twist-type top.

9/-
Refillable plastic atomiser.

G170.143

TeleVision Parade

● Harry Belafonte, the American negro actor and calypso singer who is the year's sensational success, has said quite a bit lately about television.

AMERICAN TV channels are clamoring for him to make appearances, regular and often, and at undisclosed, super-colossal fees, but he still hasn't made a deal.

He has said what he will do though—three or four one-hour shows a year.

Belafonte, at the top of the tree at 30, is a serious man off the stage.

"I couldn't stand the exposure of TV 52 weeks a year," he says.

I imagine such wisdom is easy if you're in a similar position to Belafonte.

(He can command any figure he asks for in Hollywood; his calypso record album has sold 1,400,000 copies, and he has recently signed a contract with a record company that will bring him a minimum salary for the next 10 years of £50,000 a year.)

But it is the type of wisdom that helps to get bigger and better TV audiences, and would improve TV here.

Many of Sydney's TV personalities and artists are committing professional suicide by making nightly and weekly appearances.

It doesn't matter how good they are, when you see them this often you get to know them and their ways too well on TV.

★ ★ ★

WHEN our food and cookery expert Leila C. Howard, who spends her days cooking and tasting recipes, raves over a cake you can be sure it is one worth eating.

She came back from helping to judge TCN's "Thursday At One" butter-cooking recipe contest agog about the Black-Eyed Susan cake that won a Rosenthal dinner service worth 70 guineas for shy, middle-aged housewife Mrs. J. W. Pike, of Seaforth.

A Black-Eyed Susan when it's a cake is a chocolate one, with banana-filling and coffee-icing trimmed with salted almonds. Mrs. Howard says it's a very moist cake with a nice texture, and that the unusual flavor combination is delectable.

TOP STAR negro Harry Belafonte photographed with his wife, white dancer Julie Robinson. American TV is clamoring for Belafonte, first negro to break the screen color ban by making love to a white woman in "Island in the Sun."

Here is the 70-guinea recipe for you:

Half-cup butter, 1¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 small cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup milk, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Add well-beaten eggs. Add melted chocolate and milk. Mix well. Mix and sift remaining ingredients. Add alternately to first mixture. Bake in two well-greased 8in. tins in a moderate oven for 20 to 25min.

By NAN MUSGROVE

BANANA-FILLING

Three tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup mashed bananas, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons melted butter, salt.

Mix flour and sugar. Add milk gradually. Stir over hot water until thick. Mash bananas, add lemon juice, and combine with first mixture. Cool. Add butter and salt. Stir until smooth.

COFFEE FROSTING

One cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, few grains salt, 1-3rd cup strong coffee, ½ teaspoon vanilla, salted almonds.

Cook sugar and coffee together to soft-ball stage. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add coffee syrup slowly, beating constantly. Add vanilla and salt. Spread on top and sides of cake. Decorate with flowers made of salted almonds.

The competition, run by the N.S.W. Dairy Produce Committee, attracted hundreds and hundreds of entries.

★ ★ ★

THE big trouble with television in Australia, I think, is that the sets are so expensive. But I'm told that it is amazing how many set owners don't bother to learn to tune or treat their sets properly.

The most common error committed by TV set owners, experts say, is to turn the brightness control up to its maximum capacity.

When you do this a spot appears on the screen itself and remains there permanently. "Spot" is a misleading description really, as an ion burn, which is what this is, is a large general discoloration that may spread over a large area of your screen.

The only way you can get rid of this burn—and you have to eventually, if you want to see the picture—is to replace the picture tube. This costs a great deal of money.

Incidentally, the burning out of a picture tube is not a dramatic happening. There are usually warning symtoms. The picture will gradually become dimmer and dimmer, and eventually lines will appear that cannot be taken out by the manual controls. Soon after this the blackout that means a new tube occurs.

"SOOTY," a teddy-bear glove puppet, below, is one of TV's most delightful characters. He appears in the children's programme every Tuesday at 6 p.m. on Channel 9, TCN, and every Wednesday at 5 p.m. on Channel 2, ABN.

SOOTY

He is worked by Yorkshireman Harry Corbett, who paid 7/6 for the original "Sooty" glove in 1948.

"Sooty," now nearly 10, has become famous throughout England and America on TV, and has a very high popularity rating here.

The original "Sooty" is worn out, but in his present form he's a replica except that he has little rubber pads on his paws so that he can pick things up easily.

Corbett works "Sooty" with the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand. He pays £150 a year to insure these three fingers for £stg.20,000.

"Sooty," who never says a word, is a lovable character despite his masterful ways and constant naughtiness. He has Royal fans at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen recently met him personally with Harry Corbett.

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SHIRLEY BASSEY . . .

Britain's hot reply to Eartha Kitt

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● Britain is air-freighting to Australia its hottest show-business export, coffee-colored singer Shirley Bassey.

AUSTRALIAN audiences will be treated to a personal glimpse of the dusky 20-year-old fireball with the large mouth, the large eyes, and the flame-like singing personality who, in two short years, has come rocketing into international stardom in show business.

She will be in Australia for a month from November 16 at Sydney's Tivoli.

Shirley is a true phenomenon among singing stars. Little more than two years ago she was packing enamelware in a Cardiff factory for £3/10/- a week—and going home to a slum house in the dockside poor quarter to have supper round a table with five sisters, a brother, and their white mother.

Their father is a West African donkeyman who is mostly at sea and rarely appears among his brood.

Now known as "The Tigress from Tiger Bay," the unlovely port where she was born, Shirley is the first British colored pop-star in world class alongside Lena Horne and Eartha Kitt.

Yet she practically had to be shanghaied into singing for a living.

A jointless, never-still elf who animates as intensely as if she were plugged into a high-voltage main, she says: "I just couldn't see myself as a performer.

Factory singer

"At the factory where I packed enamelware we had the B.B.C. programme 'Music While You Work' relayed over the loud-speakers, and I used to holler with the records. But I'd get wild when the girls told me, 'Shirley, you ought to be on the radio.'

"Sometimes it would even start a fight because I thought they were kidding me."

The same thing used to happen whenever she sang at workmen's clubs — till the director of an all-colored revue asked her to join the show.

It led to five hard months on the road, and then petered out into unemployment. Shirley went back to Cardiff and to slinging hash in a restaurant.

The next offer she got, with a touring ballet party, she was all ready to turn down. Then her proud, work-worn mother stepped in and said with sudden fierceness: "You take it—it gets you back on the stage. And you never know. Maybe some agent will be watching and like your singing."

Then a man called Mike Sullivan, who was booking acts for a show, walked into her life.

He auditioned her, and thanked her politely. He came and watched her perform in the show. Then he called her into his office and said simply, "You have the makings of a great star.

"But you've got a lot to learn. You'll have to work harder than you've ever worked in your life before, and obey me implicitly."

Success road

The little colored girl from Cardiff's dockland could only goggle at him, but Sullivan was right.

He got Shirley Bassey a variety tour, which she describes as "the most worthwhile schooling I've ever had."

At the end of it he called her in again to tell her she was ready for the big time, and that he'd booked her for the Astor Club's cabaret.

From then on all the ingredients of a show-business fairy-tale assembled in their positions, seemingly only awaiting a cue to perform their magic.

No sooner had Shirley Bassey come sneaking on to her first big cabaret floor than she was spotted by that white-haired doyen among impresarios, Jack Hylton.

Then came the break. Maria Pavlou fell ill in a West End show, and Sullivan was on the phone telling Shirley that Hylton wanted her to fill in that same night.

It was her big break. Shirley Bassey stepped into the star dressing-room at London's Adelphi Theatre—and into fame, immediate and sensational.

The first number which made people sit up and really notice Shirley was one specially written for her called "Burn My Candle." This number contains some of the boldest propositions—particularly when dished up by the sinuous, swaying, and eye-flashing Shirley—to be placed before the world's sophisticated cabaret audiences, and then to be cut on wax. The B.B.C. promptly banned it.

The link with her slum days is strong, and still disconcerts Shirley.

"I'm saving like mad," she says, "to buy my mother a decent home. She is the gayest, most wonderful woman in the world."

Right after her Australian appearance Shirley is due in Hollywood for talks about two films.

Sam Goldwyn is negotiating for her to star in the musical "Porgy and Bess," and there are to be talks about a starring musical role in "The Jazz Train," too.

The dream of stardom has been realised so promptly that she has had little time to enjoy its fruits.

She talks vaguely and with a naive excitement about getting herself a Jaguar and a sapphire mink.

"But sapphire minks are getting pretty common now, aren't they? Is there such a thing as a pink mink?"

And the early warnings about giving her whole life to work as the price for stardom, too, have become suddenly realities.

That's what the dark songstress from Wales, who looks about as Welsh as Paul Robeson, is now facing soberly.

"No time for dates," she says a little wistfully. "No time for anything but work, and more work. A man can get married in this business, but not a woman.

"Well, I was warned it would take up all my life, and I made a bargain."

And, if there is no one man in her life, in another sense there are millions, for whom she slinks on stage in skin-tight, sequined gowns that a too-deep breath would pop.

She sings of sin and sex, love and torment, moving in a wild and nervous ecstasy, with a voice that is childish and raw, and wicked, and is expected to last her as a big entertainer for as long perhaps as 20 years.

DUSKY SINGER Shirley Bassey, who has rocketed into international success in show business, will be appearing in Australia for a month from November 16.

OUR DIOR PARADES

BOOKINGS for the December 7 gala premiere of our Dior parades in David Jones' Great Restaurant can be made by letter, enclosing cheque, to David Jones' Dior Parades.

Seats for parades from December 9 to December 14 (two on December 14) will be available from November 11 on the second floor, Elizabeth Street store. Prices: Gala, £5/5/- each; others, £1/1/- each.

On pages 8 and 9 are color photographs of the mannequins who will take part in the parades.

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For a special birthday or other important occasion, consider the elegant Parker "51." In its attractive presentation box—perhaps with a matching Ballpoint or Pencil—the Parker "51" is a beautiful gift and a great compliment.

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Parker "51" Rolled Gold cap pen: 177/6d. Pencil: 111/3d. Ballpoint: 102/3d.
Parker "51" Lustraloy cap pen: 149/6d. Pencil: 83/9d. Ballpoint: 77/6d.
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...the new fruit-flavoured, soft-centred sweets...made by Pascall

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SURPRISE WEDDING. Kym Bonython and his bride, the former Julianne McClure (Miss South Australia, 1956), after their wedding in Adelaide. Julianne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McClure, of "The Braes," Reynella, S.A., and "Trevallyn," Wilcannia. The wedding reception was held at Mount Lofty House, the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Brigadier and Mrs. A. P. Chapman. Kym, who is a well-known motor-car and speedboat racer, is the son of Sir Lavington and Lady Bonython, of Adelaide.

MELBOURNE DANCE. Pretty Sydney lass Sally Macpherson (left), who is in Melbourne for the racing festivities, at the Derby Eve Ball with Bob Weir, Mrs. Peter Sleigh, and Mr. Sleigh. This dance, held at the South Pacific, aids the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

BACHELORS and Spinsters' Dances are always among the most popular events of the year for the young fry in the bush, who invite their guests from near and far. Two Bachelors and Spinsters' Dances coming up within the next few weeks are Warren's on Friday, November 8, and Merriwa's on November 16.

Alison and Lloyd Beach, of "Strayleaves," Warren, will entertain a crowd of young friends who will stay on for the weekend after the ball on Friday night. They include Mary and John Benlan, of "Pentlands," Murrurundi, Shirley Norville, of Blandford, and Rosemary Fountain, who will fly up from Sydney.

Sue Scales and Judy Whitelaw are two of the pretty young spinsters helping to organise the ball at Merriwa. This year the dance will have a real bush-whackers atmosphere as it will be held in the woolshed at "Inveraray."

• • •

A HOME on a station seventy miles back of Bourke is awaiting pretty Julie Waldron, who marries country boy Moreton Harrison at St. Phillip's, Church Hill, on Saturday, November 9. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. A. R. Waldron, of Ashfield, and the late Mr. J. G. Waldron. On the same day Wendy Valentine marries Leslie Fenton at the St. Thomas' War Memorial Church, Kingsgrove. Wendy is the twin daughter of the Harry Valentines.

• • •

I LIKE . . . Virginia Hyne shopping early morning in town casually dressed in a honey-colored slim skirt and long-sleeved shirt, her golden-brown hair brushed straight and loose to her shoulders . . . Mary Tancred's traffic-stopping sunglasses from America—they look just like motor-cycle goggles . . . Dark-haired Jennifer Chapman, looking cool and crisp in spite of the hot, sticky weather, wearing a royal-blue cotton shirt-maker, spotted in white.

GUEST-OF-HONOR Mrs. Frank Waring (centre) with Mrs. S. H. Sih and Mrs. Joseph Dougherty, who gave a morning-tea party at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron to welcome Mrs. Waring, wife of the new Consul-General for the U.S.A.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Frederick Braddock with his bride after their wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill. The bride was formerly Meg Carroll, of "Redbank," Molong. They will live at "Bogee," Rylstone. Meg is the daughter of the A. B. Carrolls.

AT TIVOLI. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ross-Munro, of "Boombah of Tooroora," Dirranbandi, Qld., at the opening night of the Band of the Irish Guards' two weeks' season at the Tivoli Theatre. There are fifty-eight members in the band.

ENGLISH ACTRESS Margaret Rutherford (centre), who gave a poetry reading at the National Art Gallery, with Mrs. Vincent Fairfax (left) and Mrs. Douglas Dundas. Miss Rutherford stars in "The Happiest Days of Your Life," opening at the Elizabethan Theatre on November 6.

DERBY DAY RACES. Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., of Mosman (right) and Mrs. Tom Carlyon, of Toorak, Melbourne, were early arrivals for Derby Day at Flemington.

ALL the locals in the Camden district are looking forward to seeing the Camden Theatre Group's production of the musical comedy "Wildflower," which will have a four-night stand at the Agricultural Hall from November 6 to 9. The leading lady is Mrs. Dick Hordern, of Oakdale, via Camden, and everyone else in the cast comes from the surrounding district. There will be a gay backstage party after the final performance on November 9.

WEDDING dresses have been making a welcome appearance at the big glamor parties in town, and some of the prettiest I noted were Mrs. Allistair Hazard's, bow-tied on the shoulders and embroidered with panels of flowers on the skirt, Mrs. John Atwill's elegantly plain oyster satin, buttoning from bodice to hem, and Mrs. Tony Buckingham's, of silk taffeta massed with flower patterns embroidered with crystal and pearls.

Anne

N.S.W.

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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Making the most of yourself is a twentieth-century fashion that, followed intelligently, brings big rewards to plain girls.

THIS week's mailbag brought me a number of requests from young girls who want to know how to do this.

Here is a typical letter:

"I AM only 16, but not very attractive, and girls with whom I go about are. Naturally boys go after them, and I always seem to be left out. My mother buys nice clothes for me and I have a good figure — but unfortunately I am quite plain. How can I overcome this plainness?"

"Brown-Eyes," Qld.

One of the wonderful things about the mid-twentieth century is that prettiness is no longer necessary—the plainest girl can be attractive.

Recently in The Australian Women's Weekly there was a story about Nola Rose, who experts say is the best model in the world. Nola, talking about the qualities a girl should possess to be a sucessful model, listed a good figure first. High up on the list was enthusiasm and interest in her work. The last thing mentioned was prettiness.

"It dosn't matter whether a girl is pretty or not," she said.

What takes the place of prettiness today, I think, is being well-groomed, and making the most of both good and bad features.

Being well groomed starts with being beautifully clean. I feel I don't have to harp on about the daily bath, deodorants, clean teeth, and so on, but there are other things that add up to this sought-after look.

Your clothes should always be sparkling clean and well pressed, your hair have the sheen of daily brushing, your fingernails (and toenails too) be manicured to pink perfection.

It also includes well-heeled shoes, buttons sewn on tightly, straight hems.

When I say "make the most of your good and bad features," you probably wonder how.

I think every girl of your age should go to a beauty expert at some well-known beauty salon, have her make-up prescribed for her, and have a make-up. Often a change of lipstick color and new cosmetics seems to work miracles. And this visit not only teaches you what cosmetics to use but how to apply them, and when. For instance, at night you need a heavier make-up than in the daytime —there are tricks that make a long nose look shorter, small eyes look larger, and vice versa.

Money is always well spent, too, on a good haircut. Go to the best cutter you know of.

Probably, when I advise visits to beauty experts and hair-cutters, I sound as if money is no object. I realise they are *not* the sort of expenditure that teenagers budget for, but I think you ought to do extra things such as baby-sitting, or ironing or shopping chores to make the necessary money.

Visits like this build the morale terrifically and give you an outside opinion of what you're really like, which is always a help.

A plain girl has to work harder than a pretty one to look attractive, but sometimes pretty girls lose badly to the plain ones after the first round. The reason for this is that many pretty girls depend entirely on their looks to attract the boys.

This works for the initial meeting. But the girl who is interested and enthusiastic about the world and everything going on about her holds the interest of the boys.

Try reading a newspaper thoroughly every day and being well-informed. You'll be more interesting and a better conversationalist, and it all helps by giving added confidence.

And if you find out and study the interests of any boy in whom you are secretly particularly interested and can talk intelligently about them, this will work wonders.

A word from Debbie...

OVEN temperatures are a worry to new cooks who are not familiar with the heats referred to in recipes.

These definitions will help you:

- **Slow oven is 250 to 300 degrees hot.**
- **Medium or moderate oven is 350 to 375 degrees.**
- **Hot oven is 400 to 450 degrees.**
- **Very hot oven is from 450 to 500 degrees.**

If you use a fuel or an oil stove without a thermometer, use the "browned flour" method.

Heat the oven for 15 minutes. Place two teaspoons of flour on a flat tin, and leave it for five minutes on the slide to be used for baking. The flour will color pale fawn if the oven is slow; golden brown if the oven is moderate; milk chocolate color if the oven is hot; and very dark brown if the oven is very hot.

DISC DIGEST

LITA ROZA'S latest LP, "Love Is the Answer," is far and away the best she has turned out. This time she has progressed from a 10-inch to a 12-inch, the songs are more interesting, her style has improved, and she has the benefit of a very attractive "Think Pink" album cover.

Lita is one of the most successful drawcards in British show business.

Apparently not a bit superstitious, she puts 13 numbers on to LKA.4171, including four rare items — "You've Changed," "How Did He Look," "A Woman's Intuition," and "Hello, My Darling." The last is from the pens of Frank Loesser, the "Guys and Dolls" composer, and Frederick Hollander, the man who wrote nearly all of Marlene Dietrich's early film songs.

Apart from these four off-beat titles, Lita offers such better-known tunes as "Bewitched," "Just One More Chance," "They Say It's Wonderful," and the song from "Moulin Rouge," "Where Is Your Heart." In my opinion she has all that her more famous American counterparts have, plus excellent diction and good taste. Roland Shaw's orchestra provides clean and satisfying backing.

FOLLOWING our recent portrait competition, the newest recording of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (33OCX.1421) makes a timely appearance. The composer portrays himself as leisurely strolling through an art gallery, his fancy caught by the pictures.

It is among my favorite compositions. Many purists prefer the work in its original form for piano, but most will be more than satisfied by this orchestral version played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under the brilliant leadership of Herbert von Karajan.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

This time, let's talk about our sealed unit, one-piece gearbox with

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- Exclusive Surgilator creates "live water".
- Heats its own water.
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- Roll anywhere on easy-rolling casters.

Now turn to page 26 and read all about the exclusive "Surgilator"– the secret behind that cleaner, fresher, easier wash Malleys Whirlpool gives you.

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ABOVE: Twin Ghost Gums were photographed near Alice Springs. These trees (Eucalptus papuana) grow mainly in western and in northern Australia.

(Picture by Mr. C. Little, Parramatta, N.S.W.)

These are Australian:

The Eucalyptus tree, or gum tree, as it is popularly called, is native to Australia. The length of time the trees have existed in Australia is not known, but a petrified gum stump found in Melbourne recently was estimated to be at least 250,000 years old.

BELOW: Manna Gum (Eucalyptus viminalis) is the chief source of food for koalas. This photograph was taken from a tower at Paynesville, on the Gippsland Lakes.

(Picture by Mr. E. J. Yeates, Bairnsdale, Vic.)

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

OFTEN Australians are criticised by overseas visitors and even their own countrymen for being too sports-loving, casual, and irresponsible. What rot this is! Recently, when the east coast of Queensland was swept by bushfire, the call went out for volunteer fighters. Then these "lackadaisical" types sprang into action from as far away as 200 miles, giving up weekend leisure and also working hours to help those in trouble. Even on the State's "Gold Coast," life-savers, holiday-makers, and "playboys" all hurried off to the aid of banana farmers. I'm proud of our Australian manhood, and like them just as they are, even if they do not bow and scrape like their more polished overseas brothers.

£1/1/- to "Polly Flinders" (name supplied), Ipswich, Qld.

I HAVE a grouch about two types of picture pests. The first is the one who arrives with her woman friend and chatters, probably about nothing, all through the performance. These people could talk at home far more cheaply. The second is even worse. He is the person who sprawls right back, making himself comfortable by putting his feet up on the seat in front. Then, just as you are enjoying the film, you get a great kick in the back. When films first started, theatre patrons were asked to remove their hats. It might be a good idea to ask them now for the same consideration in keeping their feet to themselves.

10/6 to "B.A.B." (name supplied), Ouse, Tas.

ISN'T it about time that the silly practice of celebrating Guy Fawkes' Day on November 5 ended? Each year large numbers of children land in hospital to be treated for severe burns they've received in fireworks accidents. Apart from this danger angle, the money squandered on crackers could be put to much better advantage. Most children these days are so well looked after with outings and entertainments that they'd never miss being deprived of this foolish, festive occasion.

10/6 to Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

IT is quite common to hear women running down their relatives by marriage. They seem to look only for the faults in these people, but they should remember that any woman who talks like this is, after all, deriding her husband. If the relations are so queer, or bad, or hurtful, surely he, too, must have a share of these faults. Or does she believe she has married the one perfect specimen in an otherwise sorry lot?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Arden, c/- 16 Capulet St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

WE often hear remarks such as: "I'm always asking her to drop in to see us sometimes, but she never bothers." These casual words may be meant as an invitation, but they are so vague they are seldom regarded as more than a pleasantry. If we really want someone to come to see us, we should set a definite date.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

It's a hard life

CONGRATULATIONS to "Grateful" (18/9/'57) for bringing to light the other side of a doctor's life. For several years before my marriage I worked for a doctor and learned that no day is completely their own. I have known Dr. "X" stay out all night trying to help a patient, and then come back to work through a busy day. He never grumbled about his loss of sleep, and all the time gave his undivided attention to patients. Such an attitude is typical of most doctors, and we should remember this any time we feel inclined to grumble about their delay in arriving.

10/6 to "Susan" (name supplied), Mosman, N.S.W.

Family affairs

WHEN my children were younger, I found the few weeks before Christmas extremely trying. They couldn't wait to see their presents and while the older ones prowled round trying to get a peep at the parcels, the younger continually changed, or added to, his order to Father Christmas. I solved the problem by handing over to them the preparation of the Christmas decorations. They spent long hours experimenting with crepe paper, cutting designs out of silver paper pasted on cardboard, and arranging a few inexpensive baubles. At first their efforts were crude and childish, but they've improved each year. Now making the decorations is an essential part of their Christmas, and they forget their curiosity about presents until the festivities begin.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Davies, 6 Earlwood Cres., Bardwell Park, N.S.W.

● Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

RIPSNORTERS

CAN love triumph over snoring? A divorce case in Adelaide has forced this big problem into the open.

The wife complained that she could not get a decent night's sleep because of her husband's snoring.

The judge ruled that "snoring could not be treated as a material factor justifying separation."

A woman reading about the case said to me: "I bet the judge snores himself."

However, she was biased. She has spent ten years as a snorer's mate.

In discussing the matter as a marital problem, I refer to male snoring.

Women snorers are much rarer—or so I'm told. They are mainly of the mild "harr-whish" variety. They cannot match the trumpeting volume of the "nawk-brrr" type of male snore.

It is impossible to tell from a man's waking character whether he snores or not.

From my observation, men of the romantic, spiritual type are often the worst snorers.

I shared a cabin once with a young pianist — a slim, handsome fellow who was a hit with the girls. He was one of the most tremendous power snorers I have heard.

His snore was one of the cyclical jobs. It worked up gradually to an explosive snort. Then, after a pause, it started over again. Like this: nawk-brrr, nawk-brrr, nawk-brrr,

NAWK-KPLMPF — pause — nawk-brrr, etc.

Whatever judges may say I thought this justified a separation. I got a transfer to another cabin.

It is a fair guess that some of the famous dreamboats of the past, like Romeo and Lord Byron, were power snorers. I do a bit of it myself.

As a rule, a woman does not find out that a man snores until after she marries him. Then it is too late.

This is what makes the business so tricky.

I suppose a cautious girl could insist that her boy-friend give her a tape-recording of his snore before she agreed to marry him.

But love being what it is, she would probably marry him anyhow.

A snorer's wife is in an unpleasant situation. At the same time, life is no bed of roses for the snorer. His wife may be a nudger.

A nudge will temporarily stop a man's snoring by waking him up. His snore-pattern then goes: nawk-brrr, nawk-brrr (nudge), kplmpf — silence — nawk-brrr, nawk-brrr (nudge), kplmpf, etc.

This kind of thing, kept up indefinitely, can drive a man crazy.

What we need, I believe, is a Snore Research Clinic, where the whole problem could be studied.

If scientists could even find a way to tone down a nawk-brrr to a harr-whish, they would make more people happy than by launching a whole flock of satellites.

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Turn again, Mossie

By GWEN VIMPANY

WIND the toy too hard and it will break down. Just that extra turn and it goes bang in your hand. Mossie went bang. Astonished by the discovery that the simple toy had unguessed-at hidden complexities, Uncle George Midford and his spouse, Willa, were at once confounded and helpless. Yet they remained adamant.

They had been overwinding him for years. To their credit, they had not known it. Neither had he. All three discovered it at once. To gather an understanding of it all, you must unwind the reel of time.

Go back to the turn of the century in quiet, old-fashioned Hobart, its people the same as people anywhere else, perhaps more conservative and less demonstrative than one could have wished. Still, much the same.

It was like Matty to cling fiercely to the one unripe fruit that had dropped from her womb. Like her because she had borne so many children before Mossie, and none had survived. Mossie held on, like the sole survivor of a shipwreck. He had that hardihood that is most usually found among the lost sailors living beyond dying on some endless sea.

He was little enough to be cradled in your hand without spilling him over. His eyes were beautiful. Long after people forgot him, long after his untrimmed mind had ceased trying to grow through the stunted pickets of his brain, and the field flower that was himself had withered in the soil, they would remember his eyes.

They were the grey warmth of doves, the glow and glisten of gazelles. All the forgotten dreaming softness of the world lay within their lids, sheltering him. None catching the glancing glory of those eyes could do him a harm. Not wittingly. He buttoned his way clumsily through the unravelled cloth of his schooldays and went into long knickers, supposing from what he had heard imperfectly that he was at the age of manhood and the recognition of this was the new clothes.

He was tight-knuckled as a fist, brisk-moving as a wound toy, talkative as a gramophone on full volume playing off the one record with a bent needle that holds screamingly to a crack in the disc.

Once you got used to the crack and the volume, you were right. You opened the automatic ear to your hearing, and it did its robot work well, closing the door that kept your tranquil self unruffled within.

One day when he was knickerbockered in his early teens, he ran in to his father serving wheezily and primly in the mantles department of Messrs. Mother and Sillerman, and roared out about wanting to work on the farm.

His father was depressingly tall and scrawny, sombre to the point of Calvinist piety, and troubled by his sinuses, which made his eyes water and caused people to suppose mistakenly that he was shortsighted, whereas he was hard of hearing and saw them quite well, and was annoyed.

Mossie was not only an embarrassment to him, but an uncomfortable, vaguely guessed-at judgment on him for sins that he could not have named, but must have committed. Else, why Mossie?

In those days, an unfinished child was something to be kept hidden. It was a private burden and a public cross to be borne with lifted head and much clearing of the throat. He cleared his throat all right when he was in the act of measuring off thirteen yards of red doctor flannel, and Mossie's full-volume entrance among the bales and counter all but cleared the shop.

Customers were startled. After a while, they sniggered. Some who caught the full gaze of those glancing eyes fell silent and tried to remember afterwards what it was they had felt. They went reluctantly away with their purchases, by that time knowing that Mossie was headed south for Uncle George's farm.

Matty's fierce love for her only child was as strong as ever. Her nerves, however, as well as her hopes, had worn frail. She was in the position of not knowing what to do with her unspendable treasure.

Marcus sighingly called in God's help, although his mind was on Job, and wrote gravely and gratefully to George, thanking him for his offer. He added in spidery postscript that he and Matty could safely entrust their son to the just care of George and his good spouse, Willa. Also he wrote, he could

To page 55

So Mossie went off to the country, to Uncle George's farm, with his old suitcase and his ears tight under his cloth cap.

This week's prize-winning story.
For Readers' Choice Contest see page 55.

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Alone in an alien country Mitsi was haunted by the past and it seemed there could never be any future for her

Love's old sweet song

A complete short story by DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

MITSI was naturally of a cheerful nature, and one who managed to get on somehow or other, but she always got depressed when she had to go to the police. It wasn't that they bullied her or anything. They could not have been kinder. After all those years of regular visits they had come to know her quite well.

The one with the walrus moustache was always very bright and matey and tried to lighten the situation by cracking a joke about her punctual calls. "Well, well, well. Here we are again." Then he would hand her a nice cup of tea, which she obediently drank, and a small biscuit. The tea tasted of ink and the biscuit looked like a medal torn from someone's chest.

It was the questions they asked Mitsi year after year that got her down. The same old questions, the same old answers, bringing back only too clearly so much she preferred to forget.

"You are a widow?" "Yes, I am still a widow." "You have children?" "Yes, I have one child, but I do not know where she is. For many years I have not seen her. When the troubles came she was taken away by her grandmother to safety. I do not know if she is alive or dead." "You have a work permit?" "Yes, I have a work permit." "Then please to sign here."

"Merely formality, you know," said the policeman with the walrus moustache, and he could not have been kinder. She sensed he was sorry for her, but what could he do?

Still, it depressed her.

She went back into the grey London street feeling low. The only bright spot was that the tedious visit was over for a little while, though it kept on coming round again, like Christmas, much faster than you expected.

Mitsi walked home the long way round, across the park to feel the grass under her feet, and forget for a while the pavements and the grey streets. There were children in the park, and she liked to watch them. Plump well-dressed children, owners of expensive mechanical equipment in the shape of toy motor-cars, scooters, steam engines, and most elaborate dolls' prams. Sometimes she tried to pretend for a moment she was back in Hungary, and the little girl with golden curls flying, running towards her on her stout legs, was Miklot.

But Miklot (even if she were alive) would no longer have flying curls, and probably no longer stout legs, for she would be nearly seventeen. She would pass me by in the street, and I would not know her, thought Mitsi. Something best not dwelt on.

Better to count one's blessings and not tot up one's losses. Compared with some of her compatriots, Mitsi was fortunate. She had got a work permit. She worked in the Parkinsons' London house as cook and had a nice bedroom and a sitting-room to herself, and a daily woman came in to do the housework.

Mitsi really liked to cook, so there was no hardship there. She turned out some gorgeous dishes, watched by a large cat that had his own special back door cut out of the kitchen entrance, and led his own life his own way.

It had been a good thing she had learned to cook. It made all the difference to her chance of getting a work permit in England, where people either can't or won't do it.

The autumn leaves were turning a shabby gold—not the flaming scarlet they did in Hungary all about the large white turreted house where once, long ago, Mitsi had lived. Now, when she thought of it, it had taken on the half-unreal air of a remembered dream.

Mitsi did not care for the English autumn. In her shabby brown coat and skirt, inherited from Mrs. Parkinson, who was not quite the same shape, she felt like a fallen leaf herself, a leaf blown round the world on gusts of national emotion, and bound to end up on some bonfire or other.

She stopped for a moment beside the Round Pond, to watch the children sailing their expensive model boats all among the ridiculous ducks that did not care one way or the other, a woman with nothing left of her former beauty except her eyes. Grey-blue eyes, arresting and startlingly bright, surrounded by thick black lashes. Men still looked at her — and children were always attracted by her. A little boy with apple cheeks looked at her two or three times now and said shyly, charmingly:

"Would you like a go with my boat?"

So she had a go, and then kissed him quickly and thanked him. The children here in England were friendly because no sour experience had taught them not to be. As yet. She hurried now, for she had the dinner to see to. The lamps were already pricking out in area windows, the cat was waiting for her, looking supercilious and smelling of kipper.

As she often did, to cheer herself up after the dingy visit to the police station, she took a look at her pictures on her dressing-table.

The big white house with its turrets and red roof, surrounded by happy woods. Ference, her husband, his gun under his arm, standing proudly among a morning's slaughter of bears. Long ago she had been sorry for the bears, until she realised the harm they did.

Next to the shooting picture was a group taken at the Christmas party that had always been given to the servants and estate workers after the dancing and the distribution of the presents. How little any of them had thought what lay ahead.

The row of friendly faces smiled comfortingly back at her. Zusanaa, who had taught her how to cook, Maria and Roza, pretty as pictures in their Hungarian dress . . . Pista and Janos.

Janos . . . Mitsi leaned closer to take another look at the honest, round face. She smiled at the picture tenderly, for he had been her first love in the far-off days when he was twelve and she was ten. He was the head keeper's son. Beautiful games they had together. Wolves chased them over icy steppes, and they shot pretended bears together with wooden guns. He had made a tree house for her, where they kept house together.

How clever he had been. He could turn his hand to anything, indoors or out. Full of ambition, Janos had been. They had sat on a fallen tree looking over the flat green country, holding hands, while he sketched for her the life he had planned for himself. He did not intend to remain a country boy. He meant to get on in the world. "You will see, nagisaya," he said solemnly, using always the courteous form of address to her. "I shall become a rich man."

A charming, innocent interlude that had been, a song before sunrise that ended the day her mother called her into her room.

"Now that you are no longer a child, these games with Janos must stop, dragan. While you were still a child, it did not matter. Now you are becoming a young woman."

"But, mother, Janos will be so shocked, so hurt," she had said, appalled.

"Janos," said her mother calmly, "has good sense. He will not be hurt. Perhaps I should tell you that it is Janos' father who has spoken to me about it. It is no longer fitting that you should run about wild with his son as in the past. This," said her mother placidly, "is a sensible and good family. They know their place."

So it had to be. In those days one did not argue with one's parents. After that Mitsi saw Janos only from afar, when he carried in the logs, or came to take away the guns and clean them, or her father's uniforms to be brushed. And once they had met in the wood at the back of the house, and had a friendly talk together.

"You must always be my friend," she had said impulsively.

"Give me the rose you are wearing, nagisaya," he said, so she gave him the rose, and he stuck it in his coat. There could be no harm in that. It was a small, tight, half-opened flower, white, with the heart tinged with gold.

Soon after that she became engaged to Ference.

The wedding had been a splendid affair, with feasting and dancing, and lit candles in the church swimming before her eyes in a mist of tears. Not that there had been anything to cry about. Ference had been a good husband.

Janos had worn Hungarian dress, and had come in and helped with the reception, and he bowed very low over her hand when she went away, and said, "God's blessing go with you wherever you are, nagisaya."

Where were they all now, those happy people who had danced so gaily that summer's day? Dead? Deported? She

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"Don't you remember our happy days together, when we were young, Mitsi?" he said as he took her hands in his.

would never know. They had lost sight of one another, families broken and separated, lost to one another in the ghastly exodus over the frontier.

There had been difficult times for Mitsi, and many a hateful memory. There was the small, seedy man who had oiled up to her in the endless queue where she had had to wait so interminably for her work permit on a chilly London winter afternoon. Out of one corner of his mouth he had spoken to her:

"You got fifty pounds to spare?"

She looked at him aghast. How could she have fifty pounds; and even if she had had it, was it likely she could spare it?

"Fifty pounds down, and I'll get you a husband. British," he said. "Lots of them are doing it. Then you won't have to bother with all this."

It had seemed, somehow, the ultimate humiliation. Tears had streamed from her eyes as she turned her back on him. Thank goodness, she thought, remembering it, that racket had been put an end to, but the memory of it sickened her still.

She had managed to build up a sort of life for herself in the Parkinsons' home. They knew nothing about her, save that she was a displaced person who could cook. They were kind to her in a condescending fashion.

"A real treasure," Mrs. Parkinson called her to her friends, but she did not say it to Mitsi herself, for fear of giving her ideas above her station.

Mrs. Parkinson came down to the kitchen after dinner that night. It was a thing she seldom did, and Mitsi wondered uneasily if something was wrong, but it was all right.

"I thought I'd best tell you at once, Mitsi. We are having a big party next month. As you know, Mr. Parkinson has many foreign business connections, diplomats as well as businessmen, and they are to be in London for a conference. We feel we must entertain them."

Mitsi said dutifully, "Yes, madam," as she had been taught to do.

"There will be some of your own countrymen coming," Mrs. Parkinson said, "which will be nice for you. We shall not expect you to do it all yourself. Mr. Parkinson is arranging for a good caterer to take over, but we thought some of your special Hungarian dishes —"

"I shall make them very beautifully for you," said Mitsi; but at the thought of some of her countrymen arriving on the scene her heart sank. Whoever they might be, she had no wish for them to see her as she now was, and she knew too well that all the news she was likely to get from her country would be bad news. "You will not wish me to come upstairs in the dining-room," she said quickly.

Mrs. Parkinson looked disappointed. "Mr. Parkinson and I had thought it would be nice if you would help serve in your Hungarian dress."

Mitsi said, "No. Everything I will do for you, but not that."

Back in the big comfortable library with its wood fire Mrs. Parkinson said, "There's something funny about Mitsi. I know she's a treasure and all that, but it's quite obvious she has something to hide."

"Remembering that goulash of hers I'd help her do it," said Mr. Parkinson, an easy-going man.

Waiters came from the catering department, bringing gold chairs in a green van bearing the name MacGregor and Co. Ltd. Bringing long trestle tables and piles of white napery, and glass and china. They also brought on the day of the party some quite appalling floral arrangements in pots. It was more than Mitsi could bear.

"May I please arrange them a little?" she asked, and the head waiter said, "Do as you like so long as you

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Westinghouse

Helps power the U. S. Navy . . . .

U.S.S. Nautilus
the world's first atomic submarine.
The atomic reactor in "Nautilus" was built by Westinghouse.

. . . AND BUILDS THE WORLD'S FINEST REFRIGERATORS

New beauty, *new* convenience, *new* economy, are the outstanding features of all *10* new Westinghouse refrigerator models. Sizes range from 7.1 to 9 cubic feet capacity and every one a world-beater. Particularly outstanding, is the new MODEL 997 (illustrated) with its *streamlined* shape which immediately attracts all eyes. But the 997 is practical as well as beautiful. Look at these *special* Westinghouse features:

- Tilt-out *removable* egg shelves
- Large fruit bin
- Roll-out shelf
- 37 lb. frozen-food capacity
- Only 24" cabinet width

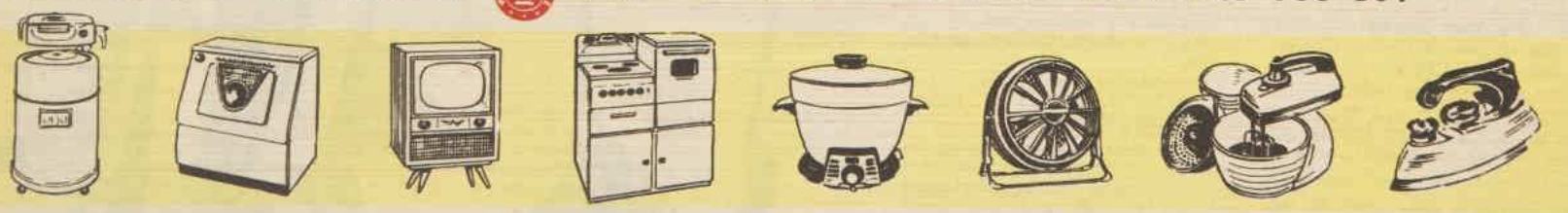
FOR MEN ONLY!

The same skilled engineers who built the atomic submarine also designed the Westinghouse 1/6th H.P. "*sealed-in-oil*" unit. This amazingly economical motor has proved its reliability over years of service.

Remember there's a Westinghouse refrigerator model to suit every home. See these new 1957 refrigerators at your local retailer this week.

WESTINGHOUSE

LOOK FOR THE WESTINGHOUSE BADGE OF QUALITY ON EVERY APPLIANCE YOU BUY



YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

Manufactured by a unit of EMAIL Limited

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FAMILY BUSINESS

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE man with the white moustache stopped in the doorway of Rickard's Restaurant and took his time over lighting a long cigar. His grey eyes moved methodically over the morning coffee drinkers and the serving staff. Lighting on one waitress with her tray, the eyes behind the cloud of smoke softened, even moistened. The seconds that followed were given exclusively to the business of ignition. When it was completed the face was normal.

Unhurriedly, Jarvis Streete made his way to an empty table. One of his wealthy intimates might have noticed the unaccustomed tug he gave his moustache, the slight uncertainty of his step, the rigidity of his gaze. To anyone else he was an immaculate and assured man in the middle sixties with an enviable air of money.

The aroma of the cigar reached the waitress, dilating her fine nostrils reminiscently. She faced round, and at the sight of Jarvis dropped an empty cup, smashing it. As she bent swiftly and gathered the pieces he noted the only ring on the young hands—a thin gold wedding ring.

"Hello, Carol," he said quietly.

The girl straightened and half turned from him, replacing the cup fragments on her tray. Then the blue eyes met the grey.

"Do you want coffee, sir?" the girl asked.

Jarvis saw the white oval of her chin rise some inches. There it was — her mother's stubborness all over again.

"Er — please," he said. "Listen," he added, but she had gone.

"I want to talk to you," he said gently when she returned and placed his coffee before him.

"You talked to me two years ago, Mother especially. There's nothing more to say, ever," she told him.

"Life's short, Carol," Jarvis observed, ignoring her over-emphasis. "Your mother misses you. We—"

The cafe was filling. A woman settled at Jarvis' table. "Coffee, madam?" the girl asked.

"Please," the woman replied. "And do you have any of those chocolate wafers?"

Jarvis sighed, slipped something under his saucer, and left thoughtfully.

That afternoon he left his offices early and went home to the large house in Kensington. He had lied in a way when he had said that Doris missed Carol. She had never allowed her daughter's name in her hearing since Carol had defied them and slammed out to marry Tom Waterforde, who was, unbelievably, a cook.

Now, after allowing an affable half-hour to pass, he said: "I sometimes wonder how Carol is, don't you?"

She was silent. He'd misjudged; the time had not been ripe.

Next morning Rickard's Restaurant saw the figure of Streete again. He sat down at the same table.

"Where is Mrs. Waterforde?" he asked when an elderly waitress attended him.

"It's her morning off, sir. Would you be Mr. Streete?"

"Yes, that's right."

"She left this envelope for you."

Jarvis tore at the flap eagerly. It contained nothing but the five-pound note he had left under his saucer yesterday. He stared at it, and for a minute the Streete wrath flickered in his face.

"Ah, well, that's a good strong pride, anyway," he said to himself, cooling down. "Waitress, can you keep a secret?"

The tight, down-drawn mouth gaped at the note he pushed over the table.

Jarvis smiled at her. "Go on," he said kindly, "take it, if you can keep a secret."

"I can keep a whole bucketful for that, sir."

"Well, I'm going to ask you a question. But don't tell Mrs. Waterforde."

The pasty face registered reluctant doubt.

"Oh, it's all right," Jarvis assured her. "I'm her father. There's been a misunderstanding."

"Oh, I see," she said, flattered and relieved.

"Where does her husband work, do you know?"

"Here, sir. In the kitchen." The woman motioned with her thumb towards the swing doors. "Through there."

She was too alarmed and too grateful to say anything as Jarvis sauntered through the doors.

Over the ovens a young man labored in unspotted white. He was clean-shaven, healthy-looking, and concentrating on his job.

Jarvis held out his hand. "I'm Streete, Waterforde," he said gruffly. "We haven't met."

The younger man looked into him. Jarvis liked his direct stare. There was nothing bitter about his son-in-law's face, just a fierce independence. Having taken his time, he took Jarvis' hand and shook it briefly.

"No," he said, "we haven't."

"Carol looks well," Jarvis remarked.

The young man smiled a little grimly. "Work suits her. How did you know she was here?"

"Inquiry agent," Jarvis told him. "We miss her, you know."

"She won't work a minute longer than it takes me to get on my feet, I can tell you."

"Of course not," Jarvis said. "What are your plans?"

The other's glance was quick and searching. Jarvis, returning it steadily, found himself hoping for the boy's confidence. He liked his son-in-law—liked his ambition, his voice, his simplicity.

"I'm going into this line of business," the other was saying, "but it takes time."

"Of course," Jarvis agreed. "Everything worth while does."

"And a lot of money, unfortunately," said Waterforde. "It's surprising how much they want for even a small restaurant like this."

"Is it for sale?" Jarvis asked casually.

"Yes, Mr. Rickard is retiring. The manager is finishing, too. I know all the sides, or pretty nearly, and I'm going to apply to the new owner, whoever he is, and ask for the managership. He might take me, you know, being on the spot, and then Carol can stay at home with the boy and——"

"Boy!"

Waterforde's sternness was rubbed out momentarily by a smile. "He goes to the creche each day," he explained.

"What d'you call him?" Jarvis asked after a pause. He'd never thought of being a grandfather. This made him head of a family . . . if only Doris would unbend.

"He's got two names," Waterforde said. "We use Jamie."

"What's the other, then?"

"Carol insisted on Jarvis," Waterforde said.

"Give me the address of the creche, will you?" Streete asked, fingering his hat. "I'd like to take a peep at him this afternoon, while his mother's at work."

. . . . . .

"Who are these people you want me to meet so early in the day?" asked Doris Streete, finding her way up a narrow little stairway. "And why all this absurd secrecy, Jarvis?"

Six months had gone since Streete had met his son-in-law, and he had decided it was time for the reunion. As Doris still refused to discuss Carol, the only way seemed to be to confront them with each other. He had talked it over with Tom.

By arrangement the latch was up and Jarvis let Doris into the tiny flat without knocking.

It was a plain little room, but sunlit and brightly decorated—and in the middle was Carol, bathing baby Jamie. Two pairs of absurdly identical blue eyes turned and gazed at them, and widened simultaneously. Doris gasped—then she and Carol were in each other's arms.

Uncrossing his fingers Jarvis shut the door softly and made his way downstairs. He turned the corner of the street and crossed to what had until lately been Rickard's Restaurant. He went into the manager's office.

"Tom," he said, a certain jubilation in his tone, "it worked."

Their handshake was symptomatic of respect that had grown between them.

"Good," said Tom Waterforde simply.

"How's business?" asked Jarvis.

"Good," said Tom. "The accountants tell me Mr. Brown, the new owner, is very pleased with the figures. He's still abroad. I'm curious to meet him—my idea is to buy the place from him someday—but he'll be there some years, they say."

"Shouldn't wonder," Jarvis remarked. "Come and meet your mother-in-law, Tom."

"Well, I mustn't be away more than five minutes," Tom said, a little nervously.

"She's not as bad as all that," Jarvis smiled. "She's got a heart, you know. It's just a little surrounded by obstinacy."

. . . . . .

In the back of their limousine on the way home Jarvis studied his wife curiously.

"This afternoon," she said, turning to him and laying her gloved hand on his arm, "I shall go out and buy them a pram."

The sudden intimacy of her touch pleased Jarvis.

"Careful," he warned. "How about Tom?"

"I've asked him," Doris smiled. "He said yes. He's a nice lad," she added apologetically, "and independent as they make them."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, "and thank goodness he doesn't know I'm the man who bought Rickard's and approved his application as manager."

Doris Streete gasped. "You bought Rickard's, Jarvis?"

"Well, forty-nine per cent. actually," he nodded. "You see, somebody else had an option on it and kept control by taking fifty-one per cent. themselves. I'm just a little worried about that other party; she could upset the apple cart if she came down here interfering. A woman called Smith, apparently."

There was a silence, then Doris said quietly: "I shouldn't worry, Mr. Brown."

Jarvis looked at her quickly. She was smiling, a calm, mysterious smile.

"Meet Mrs. Smith," she said. "You great simpleton, Jarvis, you're not the only one who can employ private detectives and solicitors—not the only one with a heart, for that matter."

"Well!" spluttered Jarvis wrathfully. "Well! If you're not the stubbornest woman!"

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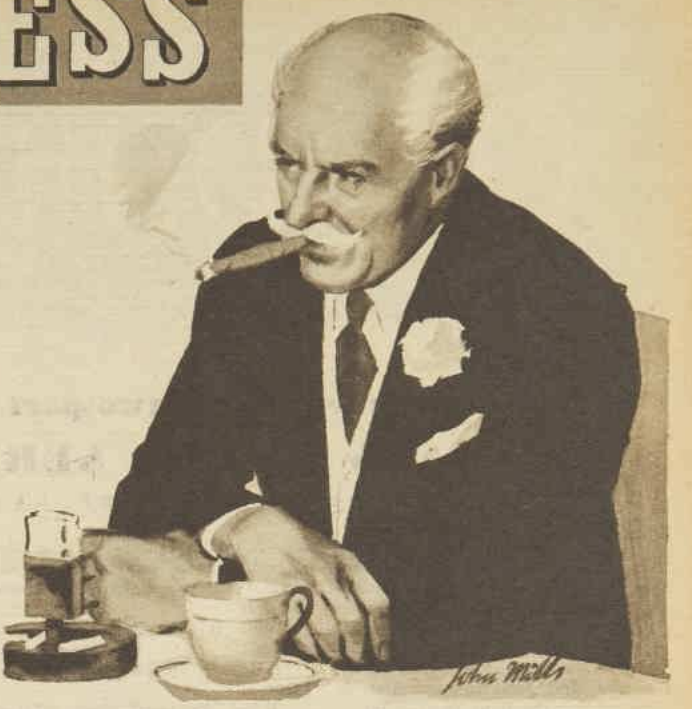


"Hello, Carol," Jarvis said quietly as she bent swiftly to gather the broken pieces.

A short short story by NAT EASTON

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4824819

The Medallion

First instalment of our two-part suspense serial

By GITTA SERENY

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

IT was pouring rain. It was pitch dark under the arcade, and John swore as he bumped his shin on one of the folded-up cafe tables that were stacked against the wall.

"Please, please—"

The voice came from across the arcade, and John stopped dead in his tracks, the light from a far-off street lamp shining dimly upon the gold braid on his Army uniform.

"Please. You are English?"

The voice was young, the accent British. John stayed where he was.

"No. I am American. Where are you? I can't see you. What's the matter with you?" He pulled out his lighter and snapped it open. The tiny flame showed a dark figure.

"No, no, please! Please, no light." She sounded frantic. John put out the light and advanced slowly to where the voice came from. He didn't, couldn't believe the peacefulness of Rome. And a girl could yield a knife as well as any man.

"Please, please, help me!" There was no mistaking the desperate urgency in her voice. John reached the pillar against which she was leaning, and as his eyes became more accustomed to the dark he was able to distinguish her figure, the figure of a very slight young girl. She grabbed hold of his sleeve as he moved closer.

"What's the matter with you? Are you hurt?" he asked.

A fit of coughing shook her, but, although her whole body trembled, she didn't let go his sleeve. "I — yes, yes. I am hurt. Please. Oh, please, please! Take him!"

"Him?" He saw that her hair was black and long, her face chalk-white, and as she seemed to slump he put his arm behind her, between her back and the pillar, to support her. But as his hand brushed against her body he felt the warmth, the wet stickiness of her clothes, and pulled it back. It was covered with blood.

"I love him so," she whispered. "Oh, please, I love him so."

"Stay very quiet," he said. "I am going for help."

"No! NO!" She didn't scream, but it sounded like a scream.

"Look, I'll be back in a minute. The hotel—it's just around the corner here. We have a doctor there. I am going to——"

"No, please." And for a moment, with incredible and then immediately exhausted strength, she held on to him and then slid down until she was on the ground. "It's the end —"

John squatted down beside her and had to lean down to her face to hear what she was saying; saw her fine-drawn mouth; smelled, and breathed in, the damp, frightened, tender odor of her skin; and without knowing it held his arm, his hand, more tenderly, more shieldingly, around her.

"I know — They shot me — I know—but I lost them. They lost me—I think, I pray." And she sobbed, a deep, racked sob. "Oh, God, God, please let them have lost me!"

"Who is 'They'? What's your name?"

"I, I —" No longer words, but gasps.

"Who?" he asked again, as if it mattered. "Who did this? The Fascisti? The partisans? Are you Italian? Did you collaborate?"

She collected the last remnants of her strength, shook her head—or it seemed to him she shook her head—and gathered closer to her in her lap the little bundle around which she had her right hand and forearm. "No, no—it isn't—it wasn't —" She whispered it, a small, thin trickling stream of blood running down her chin. "It's, it's—"

And now she cried — how she could cry he didn't know — and he could feel the warm living tears as they dropped on to his hand and he could see as with every gulp the thin trickle turned into thick bubbles of blood on her lips. "It's—— Please take him, please. He is three —three weeks old—to America. Tell no one where you found him—no one at all."

And she stopped crying and said completely clearly, and it was the only time he heard her true voice, the only instant she seemed all alive: "I want him to live. Live. They will not let him live if they find him. He is——"

And then a fit of coughing shook her—shook her so hard that the whimpering little bundle in her lap would have rolled into the street had John not picked it up and held it in one arm. "My Ni——" she gasped, and died.

. . . . . .

It was still dark outside, but only just dark. Through the open window the smell of snow came into his room. He pushed himself a little farther down into the bed and pulled the blankets up from underneath, so that nothing but his face was out in the cold.

From where he lay he could see the branches of the tree outside his window, heavy with snow.

Geoffrey was ten years old. He was ten years old today. There just couldn't have been a better day for it, he thought. I wonder what made it suddenly happen. For weeks everyone had been talking about the extraordinary tricks the weather had been playing. Here it was early spring in the centre of New England and not a trace of snow all winter. As Geoffrey's birthday had drawn ever nearer, he had given more and more thought to the weather. Two weeks later his class was to go on a long ski-ing weekend to the Berkshires, and all he wanted, and had been promised, for his birthday was skis.

. . . . . .

Marian lay on her back, her arms under her head, her long blond hair framing a finely chiselled, thoughtful face. From the bathroom came the sound of John's shower. The air coming in through the partly open window was cold, the house was quiet. When John came in from the bathroom, towel around his waist, his thick sandy hair already combed and brushed, she turned her head and watched him. "John." Her voice was quiet but intense.

"So the snow came after all," he said. "Geoffrey can use his skis."

Marian continued as if he hadn't spoken. "John, he is getting too old. We must tell him."

John's answer was quick, too quick. "Now for heaven's sake, Marian, let's take it easy. You've been saying that for days now. So he is ten years old. Please, Marian. Let's try to have a good day."

"But, darling —"

"No, Marian. Heaven knows we've chewed this over and over again. We cannot tell him as long as there is nothing to tell." He checked himself, stepped forward, and lightly touched her face. "Let's drop it, darling." There was weariness in his voice, a strange contrast to his ruddy appearance. "I am going down to start breakfast."

Marian glanced at the clock on her bedside table. It was 6.45 a.m. "Aren't you going to your study?"

"Not today," he said shortly, and walked towards the door. He opened it and stood for a moment half in the room, half out, looking back at her. His face was in darkness; she could not see him as he spoke. "I —I am sorry, Marian. I—I." But he stopped and quickly closed the door behind him.

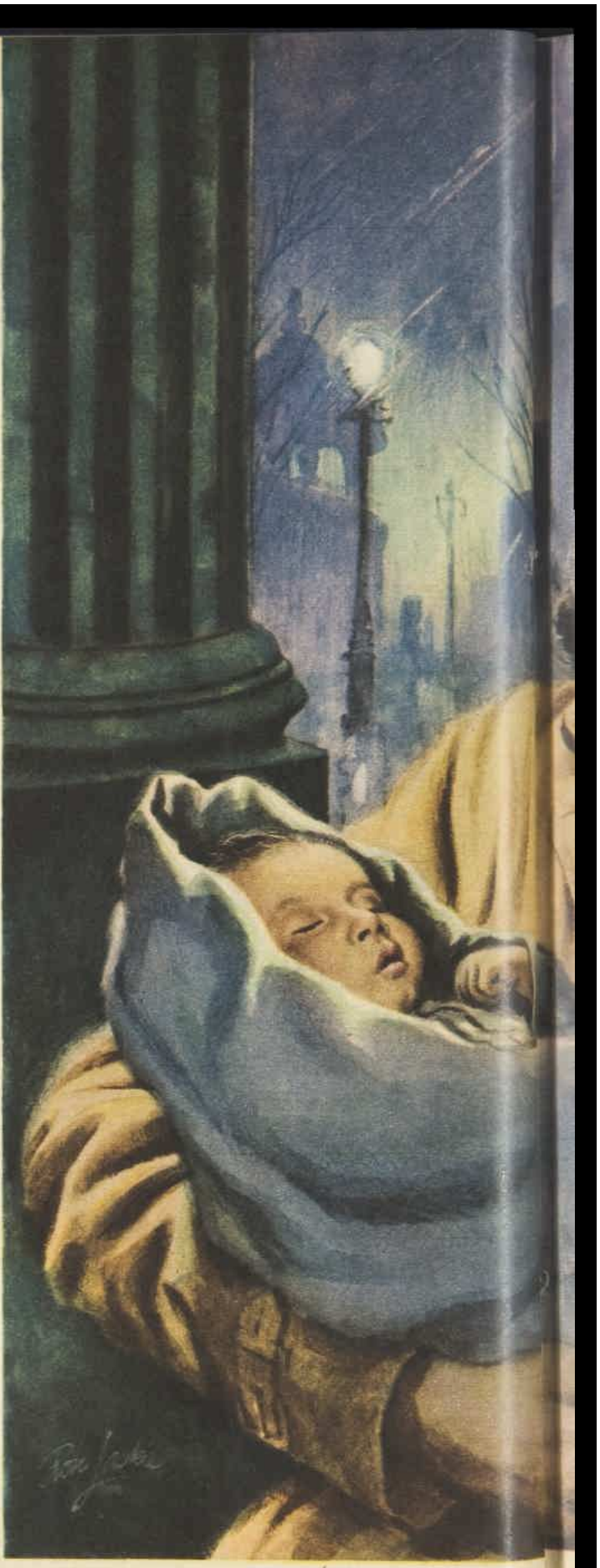
. . . . . .

Geoffrey was lying in bed, listening to the sounds outside. Then, hearing a sound from the door, he sat up. The door opened very slowly, very gently, and a small girl with blond hair looked in.

"Happy birthday, Geoffy. Happy birthday," she said, throwing her arms around him. "You know what I am giving you? A pencil with lead you can put in it. It cost twenty-nine cents in Boston. I went in with Mummy. It's red and blue and gold. Are you glad?" And without giving him time to answer, "And you know what Mummy and Daddy are giving you —"

"No, he doesn't, and you are not to tell him, you naughty little girl." Marian, tall, slender, her hair now caught in a knot at the nape of her neck, had come into the room. She closed the window, opened the draperies, and came up to the bed. For a moment she stood there, looking down at the two children against the white pillow, one with dark brown hair, slightly curly, the other almost ash-blond. She sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled first Clarissa and then Geoffrey up into her arms.

"Mummy, look, it's snowing. It must have snowed all night. Just look," Geoffrey said.



For a moment all three of them looked out into the white semi-darkness. Then Marian, turning her glance back to the boy, saw his happy, expectant, red-cheeked face, suddenly tightened her grip around him and planted a big kiss on his cheek. "Happy, happy birthday, darling," she said, and got up from the bed. "Let's see how fast you can get dressed. Come on, Clarissa. I'll help you."

Marian and John were standing behind the table on which stood a birthday cake with ten candles, but even while they and Clarissa were singing "Happy Birthday," Geoffrey's roving eyes discovered a pair of shiny dark brown skis. "Gee," he said, "they are beautiful. Thanks, Dad. Thanks, Mummy."

"The box, Geoffy. Open the big box," Clarissa shouted gleefully, jumping from one foot to the other. "It's got —"

The next words were muffled as Marian put her hand over Clarissa's mouth. "Now stop it, Clarissa," she said. "It's Geoffrey's birthday. You let him find his own surprises."

Geoffrey looked up for a moment and sent a flashing smile to John, then with great restraint carefully opened the box Clarissa had pointed to. "Ski boots!" he exclaimed. "Gee, I didn't know you were going to give me those, too!"

"How did you think you were going to ski? In your slippers?" John asked, and grinned. He poured himself a cup of coffee, pulled up a chair, and sat down. "This is going

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"What's the matter with you?" asked John quickly as he took the girl's arm. "Are you hurt?"

to take a while, so we might just as well be comfortable."

And as Geoffrey began to open another present John's thoughts began to wander. He thought of how much had happened since the day he and Marian had been married in Cambridge — Marian, a Radcliffe graduate, he a Harvard graduate — just before the war. Soon after they had been separated by the war and had not seen each other again until 1945, when at their reunion he had confronted her with the infant and a certain brooding uncommunicativeness that had affected their married life ever since. He had got a degree at Oxford, and then had returned to America to become an assistant professor at Waverley. They had had a good life, except for this one thing.

His glance rested on Geoffrey's happy, startlingly blue eyes, and he smiled and had a sudden, impersonal realisation of the boy's fine-drawn beauty and a sudden memory of his frequent moments of quite extraordinary serenity. John felt a moment of sharp elation and pride. He put out his hand and laid it on Marian's. But Marian's thoughts were elsewhere. Looking at John in worried uncertainty, she pulled her hand away just as the front doorbell rang.

"I'll go," Geoffrey said, and, managing a little clumsily in the heavy boots on the parquet floor, he ran to the door. "It's the mailman," he called. "There's something to sign. Shall I sign it?"

"Yes," Marian called. "What is it?"

"A registered letter. There's something in it." Geoffrey was feeling the envelope as he came back into the dining-room. "It's for me," he said, ripping it open. When he took out the triple-fold piece of tissue something fell on to the table, rolled across, and dropped to the floor.

"What is it, a silver dollar?" John asked the boy, who was scrambling after it.

"I've got it," Geoffrey shouted excitedly, "but it sure isn't any silver dollar." He got up and came around the table. "Look, Dad, what is it? Take a look at the letter. What's it say?"

"Letter?" John picked up the tissue-paper. "That's funny," he said, turning it around twice. "There isn't anything on here. Anyway, it's just tissue-paper. You couldn't write on it," and he handed the paper back to the boy. "Let me look at the thing," he added, and Geoffrey handed him the coppery-looking disc.

It was about the size of a 50-cent piece, ¼-inch thick, heavily embossed, with a small ring attached to its edge. "H'm." John turned it from one side to the other. "It's a sort of medallion. There's no way to open it."

"But what is it about?" Marian asked. "Do you see those funny letters?"

And indeed the medallion did bear an inscription, but the writing was so fine and small it was impossible to decipher with the naked eye. "Geoff, get me the magnifying glass, will you?" John said.

"Is it really for Geoff?" Clarissa asked. "Who sent it to him?"

John looked at the envelope. "I don't know who sent it. It's certainly

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Worth Reporting

WHEN Anne Matheson, of our London staff, went to Canada and the United States to cover the Queen's visit, she became a star of the biggest American TV bunfight on record.

While TV channels were trying to outdo one another on every possible angle of the tour, Dave Garroway, who has a show seen by 40,000,000 American viewers and a mass more Canadians, asked Anne to give his audience an intimate report of the Queen.

He thought an Australian would be just the person to appeal to viewers, and he couldn't have picked many more experienced on this subject, for Anne has covered Royal tours for us all over the world.

By breakfast-time she was on the millions of screens and was such a success that she was asked to appear on another big TV programme, which prevented her attending the fabulous luncheon given for the Queen at the Waldorf-Astoria by Mayor Wagner of New York.

Cabling us after the Garraway show, Anne told us it was a "thrilling experience."

"After I was introduced we got right down to talking about the Queen and what her visit meant to America," she said.

"The Queen's wonderful, relaxed way of mixing with Americans and her curiosity about the New World and its way of life were just two of the things we talked about.

"We discussed the way she now ad-libs with speeches, and behaves more like a woman, with little feminine touches like being a bit late on schedule.

"I tried to explain that although the Queen strives for perfection at all times she is still a simple, very natural person, and America was so Queen-crazy the audience apparently lapped up every word about her."

Mulga-wood in Madison Square

MOST people who can read have heard of the fabulous Mr. Michael Todd.

They have also read of his party, given for a mere 18,000 guests at New York's Madison Square Garden, to celebrate the first anniversary of Mr. Todd's film "Around the World in 80 Days."

At the party, Mr. T. promised everyone a present. The presents included a contribution from Australia in the form of mulga-wood souvenirs supplied by 22-year-old Alan Daffurn, of Brisbane.

Alan hustled the job through in true Todd style, taking just four days to machine-produce 250 boomerangs, cigarette-holders, paper-knives, ink-stands, egg-cups, savory-platters, and book-ends.

As a hobby, Alan began carving mulga-wood when he was 17. Now he has a factory turning out souvenirs by the score.

A "brother" for Prince Philip

BLOND and boyish M. Gerard Glotin, recently in Sydney on a business trip from Bordeaux, looks like a younger brother of Prince Philip, but that's where the resemblance ends.

As secretary of the 200-year-old firm of Marie Brizard and Roger, he not only makes and sells anisette, creme de menthe, cognac, and the other products of his company but is a kinsman of Marie Brizard herself.

Marie Brizard was a spinster, but a man named Roger married her niece and Gerard Glotin is one of their direct descendants.

Marie, handsome daughter of a wine cask maker, was a woman of good works among the sick of Bordeaux, and always took with her on her rounds a bottle of colorless liquid which she distilled from aniseed.

Her powerful concoction probably didn't cure her patients, but they liked the colorless liquid that turns smoky blue when you pour water into it.

Marie's secret recipe for making anisette, a common drink in Europe, was the start of the famous French firm which still carries her name.

★ ★ ★

DO you displine your bird's words? In England, we hear, there's a "Society to Discourage the Use of Swear Words Among Parrots."

Putting his best "feet" forward

WHEN we met the Queen's shoemaker, Mr. Edward Rayne, he was wearing a grey suit spiked with a debonair red carnation and a pair of unremarkable brown shoes.

This last item was surprising, because Mr. Rayne designs the most dashing footwear for women.

From his 1958 collection Mr. Rayne brought to Australia 90 sample shoes.

They were all sigh-provoking, following the current trend of pointed toes, spindle heels.

"Show us your favorite," we asked, and then trailed round the room after Mr. Rayne.

He thoughtfully nibbled a savory, gazed down at his slightly rotund shape, and remarked, "I lost my figure at the age of four, you know."

Finally, he chose a black suede toe-covering sandal with a twisted satin T-bar strap separating to encircle the ankle. "Elegant," he said.

FOOTNOTE: Mrs. Rayne averages one new pair of shoes a week.

ONCE upon a time, in Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., a man and his wife visited a doctor.

The doctor asked the man about his general health, but the wife answered every question.

Naturally, the doctor wanted direct answers. So he gently asked the wife to leave the room, and then discovered the man couldn't speak.

The doctor called the wife back and apologised for not realising that the man was suffering from aphasia (loss of speech).

The wife was astonished.

She didn't know it, either.

SWEET and SOUR

● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MY five-year-old grand-nephew was left in my charge while his parents had a short holiday. On their return they called for their small son and told him to say "Thank you for having me," which he did. Then he turned to his parents and said:

"Thank you for going away and leaving me with Auntie."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Bateman, Cohuna, Vic.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AFTER praising me for my good score in a round of golf recently, my friend added:

"You should be able to play golf well. You have the perfect golfer's figure, short and solid."

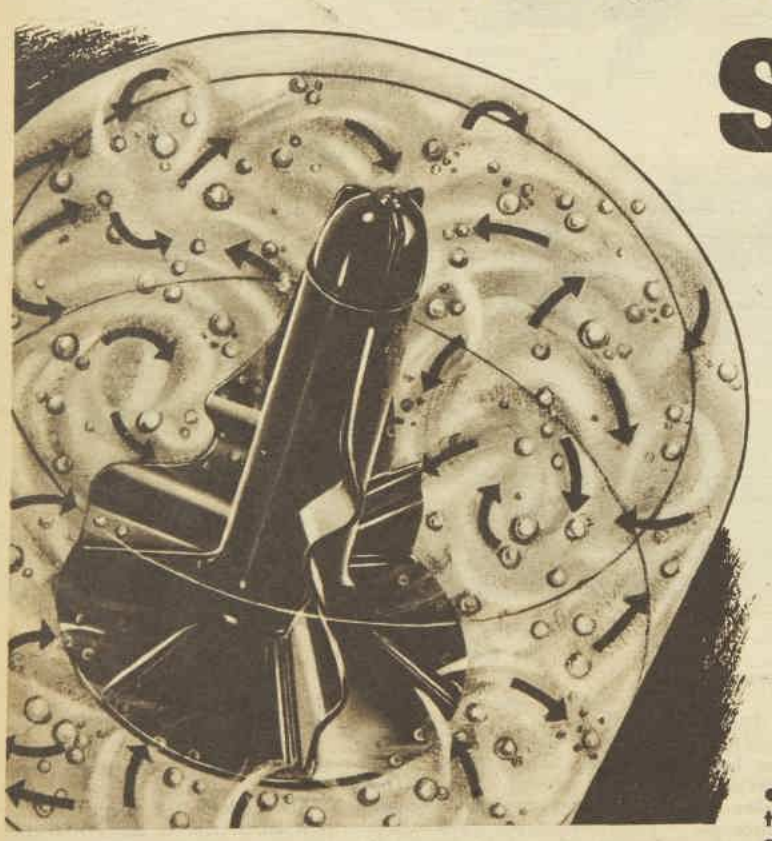
£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. Nicholson, 170 Nicholson Pde., Cronulla, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

This time, let's talk about our exclusive

SURGILATOR

that creates "live water"



Exclusive to Malleys Whirlpool! Firm, yet gentle movement of the massive Surgilator creates surging currents of water from top to bottom in all parts of the tub.

Make this test: place a corner of a heavy towel in the water when Surgilator is in action! You'll be amazed to see the vital water-current draw the entire towel into the tub! That's "live water" — in even the biggest load of clothes each garment is individually whirled right through the full depth of suds to loosen and remove every last trace of dirt! Satin-smooth fins won't tangle, snag or tear even the flimsiest garment!

See the astonishing Malleys Whirlpool demonstrated! Price: £116/17/-. Easy terms available.

● Clear-view time control dial ● Giant open-top safety wringer ● Sealed Unit, one-piece gear-box — 5-year guarantee ● Huge 10-lb. capacity tub ● Roll anywhere on easy-rolling casters ● Heats its own water ● Glass-smooth porcelain enamel tub

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Created by Whirlpool Corporation, U.S.A.

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***Read all about our amazing giant wringer! For full details, turn to page 58 now!**

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PRESS THE "BUTTON"
and kill every fly, every insect pest in the room.

PRESS THE "BUTTON"
and a penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is instantly and automatically released. This insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room and quickly kills every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

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for only three to four seconds. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary insect sprays.

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with complete confidence. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not contain DDT. It can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. Mortein Pressure★Pak does not harm or taint foodstuffs.

Regular size, **8/11**; Large size, **15/11**

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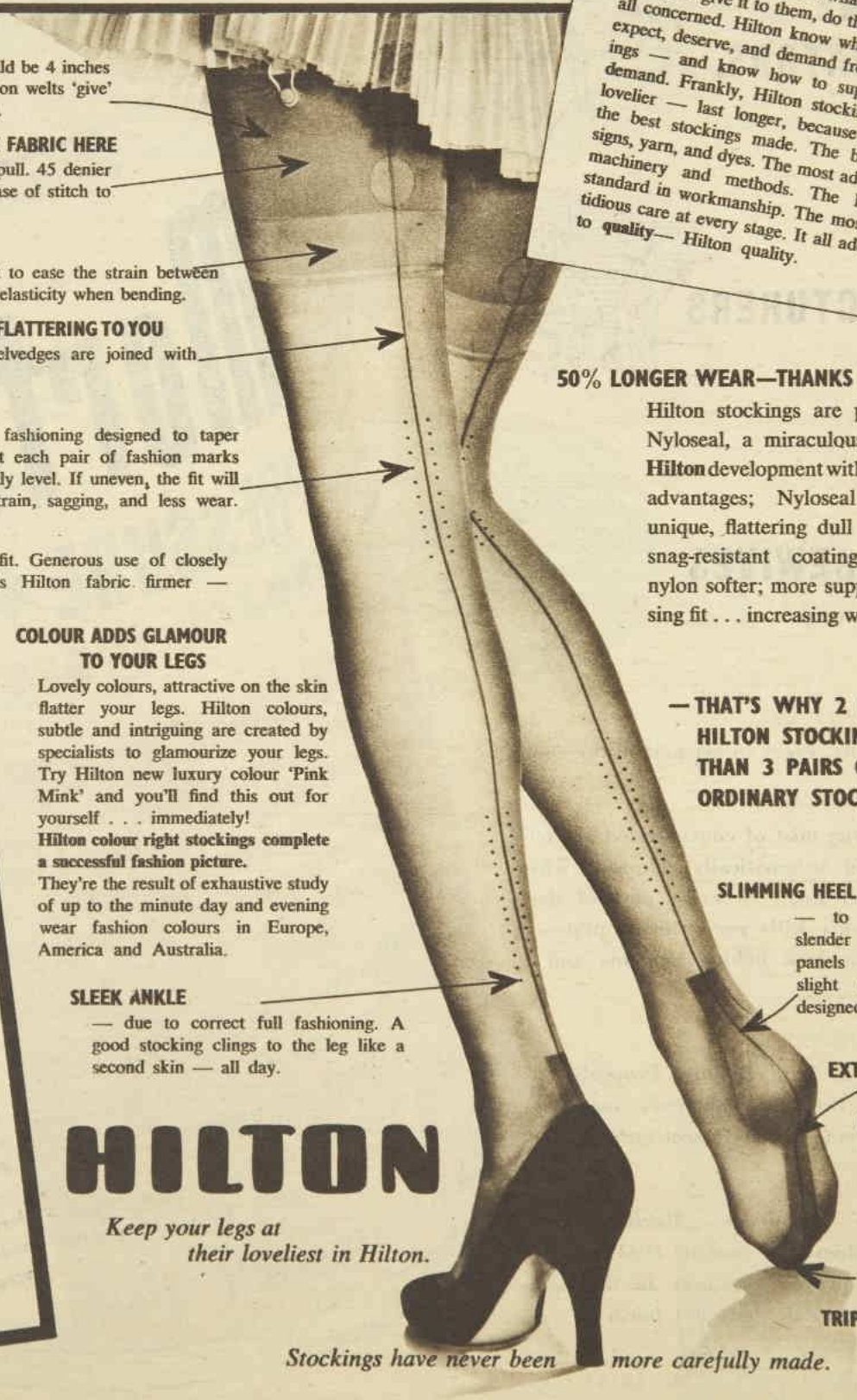
Stocking Quality at a glance

You can be a stocking expert—let **HILTON** show you how to judge

BECAUSE YOU LOVE THE BEST, HILTON ARE AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR STOCKINGS

Manufacturers who know what customers want, and give it to them, do the most for all concerned. Hilton know what women expect, deserve, and demand from stockings — and know how to supply that demand. Frankly, Hilton stockings look lovelier — last longer, because they're the best stockings made. The best designs, yarn, and dyes. The most advanced machinery and methods. The highest standard in workmanship. The most fastidious care at every stage. It all adds up to **quality**— Hilton quality.



FOR DAY-LONG COMFORT the welt should be 4 inches deep and stretch to 22 inches. Hilton welts 'give' comfortably over the heaviest thigh.

TRIPLE WEIGHT YARNS AND DOUBLE FABRIC HERE take the strain of tough suspender pull. 45 denier yarn, is knitted with a calculated ease of stitch to give *controlled* stretchability.

SUSPENDER LADDERS STOPPED because there's a 1½ inch sub-welt to ease the strain between the welt and the leg. This provides elasticity when bending.

SEAMS THAT ARE FINE, STRAIGHT AND FLATTERING TO YOU — achieved by Hilton because selvedges are joined with expert skill and care.

NO WRINKLES AT THE KNEES Smooth fit comes from accurate fashioning designed to taper stockings for a better fit. See that each pair of fashion marks above and below the calf are exactly level. If uneven, the fit will be bad — there will be fabric strain, sagging, and less wear.

PERFECT ALL-OVER FIT Firm, soft fabric ensures perfect fit. Generous use of closely knitted, best quality yarn makes Hilton fabric firmer — prevents that sloppy look.

COLOUR ADDS GLAMOUR TO YOUR LEGS

Lovely colours, attractive on the skin flatter your legs. Hilton colours, subtle and intriguing are created by specialists to glamourize your legs. Try Hilton new luxury colour 'Pink Mink' and you'll find this out for yourself . . . immediately!

Hilton colour right stockings complete a successful fashion picture.

They're the result of exhaustive study of up to the minute day and evening wear fashion colours in Europe, America and Australia.

SLEEK ANKLE — due to correct full fashioning. A good stocking clings to the leg like a second skin — all day.

50% LONGER WEAR—THANKS TO NYLOSEAL

Hilton stockings are processed with Nyloseal, a miraculous, **exclusive to Hilton** development with these amazing advantages; Nyloseal produces a unique, flattering dull finish; gives a snag-resistant coating; makes the nylon softer; more supple for a caressing fit . . . increasing wear up to 50%

—THAT'S WHY 2 PAIRS OF HILTON STOCKINGS LAST LONGER THAN 3 PAIRS OF ORDINARY STOCKINGS.

SLIMMING HEEL PANEL — to give an attractive, slender look. Hilton heel panels are tapered with a slight curve — cunningly designed to slim the ankle.

EXTRA WEAR AT HEEL AND SOLE DUE TO DOUBLE REINFORCEMENT

NEVER A TOE HOLE DUE TO TRIPLE REINFORCEMENT

HILTON

Keep your legs at their loveliest in Hilton.

Stockings have never been more carefully made.

HILTON Elation 12/11
Australia's most popular 15-denier nylons for all-occasion beauty. Sizes 8½-11. Long legs, too, 9½-11.

HILTON Waltz Dream Twin Thread 11/9
30 denier twin thread/double chance nylons for good looks and sturdy wear. 8½-11. Long legs, 9½-11.

HILTON Waltz Dream Stretch, 14/11
Top to toe comfort and sheerness. Sizes A, B, C.

HILTON Fanfare 16/11
The 15-denier mesh nylons that just can't run. Sizes 8½-10½.

HILTON Cushion Sole 14/6
Feather soft soles give cool comfort on hot days. 8½-11.

HILTON Fabulous 14/11
The 12-denier stockings for sheer elegance. Sizes 8½-10½

HILTON French 75's 19/6
Luxury 9-denier gossamer nylons. Sizes 8½-10½

Prices vary slightly in some States

HILTON HOSIERY LTD., BRUNSWICK, VICTORIA

6022

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The traditional bridal gown illustrated at right answers many requests for a formal, floor-length wedding dress. Here is a typical letter and my reply:

"WOULD it be possible to obtain a design and paper pattern for a formal long-sleeved wedding dress with a wide skirt and small train? I want to make the frock in white satin and trim it with white lace appliques. I take a 34in. bust fitting. I do hope you can help me because I have tried everywhere to buy a paper pattern of this kind."

The bridal gown I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. The dress has an empire-line bodice and a wide, sweeping skirt ending in a brief train. If you feel the lace applique is too lavish, use the appliques for a bodice trim only. A paper pattern for the dress is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"COULD you please help me with the following problem? I am going to a formal evening wedding and am wearing a pink-beige spotted-net frock. I want to wear the same material as a head covering. What do you suggest?"

A turban made in spotted net could look very glamorous. It will be best made with shower-cap proportions with plenty of fullness dipping to the nape of the neck. Wear the turban back from your hairline with the back hair tucked into the "bag."

"I AM a young widow about to be remarried and would like advice about a wedding ensemble. I am blond with blue eyes and thought of wearing blue in a coat and dress or jacket and dress outfit. The wedding is at Christmas."

A charming summer bridal ensemble would be a pale blue polka-dotted dress and matching coat. For the accessories I like the idea of a tiny white hat (it could be flowers), pale blue kid or satin shoes, and white gloves.

"MY going-away costume is navy silk. Would you suggest a smart idea for a small hat and a color for gloves? I am wearing navy shoes."

My suggestion is a dressmaker turban of white foulard silk with a navy dot and gloves made in the same fabric.

"WOULD you please give me an idea for a floral bridal head-dress?"

A tulle cap with a tiara of real or fake orange-blossom makes a pretty head-dress.

"MY husband-to-be is wearing a dinner suit at our marriage, and he would like to know the correct accessories. Also, should he wear a cummerbund or a waistcoat?"

A man being married in a dinner suit should wear the following accessories: Black waistcoat, white starched or pleated bosom shirt with a turn-down collar, black silk bow-tie, white handkerchief, black shoes and hose. It is not customary to wear gloves with a dinner jacket.

"AT my wedding my sister is to wear a creamy-beige sheer dress. She would like to wear colored shoes, but can't decide on the color. Could you help her with this problem?"

Strawberry-red shoes would look attractive with a pale blond dress.

DS260. — Wedding gown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 12yds. 36in. material and 40 lace appliques. Price 6/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

Looking backwards on beauty

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you wish to live up to the demands of your bathing suit this season, you must take a critical survey of your back and shoulders.

REGULAR creaming and some massage is not only good for the skin but it encourages shapely contours, and tends to minimise the trying effects of sunburn.

It is almost impossible to "do" your own back and shoulders with any success, but there can be an exchange of back-conditioning between friends.

Use cold cream first, cleansing the skin just as you do your face. Tissue off, then apply a good dry-skin cream containing lanolin. Massage with upward, circular movements. You can safely bring some pressure to bear on the shoulders and round the back of the neck. Where there is any flesh to spare, pinch and knead it firmly.

Remove the excess cream before going to bed.

A good exercise to beautify the back, neck, and shoulders is the breaststroke of the swimmer. Do it lying down on the floor. See that you raise the head and shoulders well off the floor to swing the arms—that's what does the trick.

It's Springtime in your bedroom all year through...

WITH 'MARYLAND' by

hollywood

"Maryland" (Design No. 547). Hollywood Side-Liner spread in tailored, fitted style. You'll find a colour you can't resist among Hollywood's 5 glorious background shades. Double-bed size.

Gay as a garden . . . warm as sunshine . . . fresh as a breeze! That's "Maryland"—the latest and very lovely bedspread from the House of Hollywood, creators of **individual** chenille gowns and spreads. "Maryland's" delightful design is highlighted against a delicately traced jacquard weave. You'll take pleasure, too, in the faultless fit, the sweep of flouncing, the lavish fringe. There's an added note of elegance in Hollywood's own Side-Liner, featured for the first time in "Maryland" . . . an extension of reverse chenille that folds smoothly across your pillows towards a beautifully even floor line. "Maryland"—in velvet-soft Hollywood chenille, the luxurious fabric that never loses its good looks—no crushing, no ironing, no fuss—Hollywood! Prices? As practical as you could wish!

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PERFECT AS A GIFT

IDEAL FOR XMAS AND BIRTHDAY

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SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

Bridal Fashions

● In this special feature are fashions for large and small-scale weddings, to help ensure that every girl has the wedding dress and trousseau of her dreams. Following the bridal fashions are pages of advice on flower arrangements for the ceremony, ideas and recipes for the reception, and on planning and decorating a first home.

WHETHER the wedding is to be small and intimate or large and formal, the clothes —feminine focal point—must be perfect. The bride may be considering satin or tulle . . . a ballerina, or long . . . in color, or white. This depends on the time of day, the bride, the size of the wedding, and many fashion suggestions are given in the next few pages. Other problems are Mother's hat, Dad's suit, who will be bridesmaid, what should she wear. The answers: Whatever time the wedding, the mothers of the bride and groom wear a hat and dress—street-length for daytime, floor-length for evening. The men of the bridal party dress alike —dark lounge suit for informal daytime, cutaway for formal afternoon, and either tailcoat and white tie or dinner-jacket and black tie after 6 p.m. The attendants are chosen from among relatives and close friends of the bride and groom, and may include a matron of honor or very young flower-girl. If the flower-girl has a boy escort, he will be correct in black satin ankle-length pants and frilly white shirt. A floor-length dress is usual for the flower-girl. Vivid colors are replacing pastels for bridesmaids, and a small hat is a popular choice. For afternoon weddings, a woman guest wears a street-length dress, hat, and gloves; in the evening, a short or long dinner dress; but black is not customary.

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SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

The day you are loveliest

Here are fashions chosen for the day when every girl wants to look her loveliest—her wedding day. The choice of dress depends on the setting, the type of wedding, and the time of day.

Pictured here (right) is a bride dressed for a formal wedding.

Below are short dresses—in lace for a second marriage, in faille for a registry-office ceremony.

The fourth choice (left) is for the girl who wants a quiet wedding but who wishes to dress as a bride.

This five-page color feature has been made available to us exclusively in Australia by "Good Housekeeping" magazine

● *For a small wedding (above) is the short bouffant-skirted dress in white chantilly lace. The tulle veil is shoulder-length, the white gloves above elbow. The bridesmaid wears red with matching shoes and a tiny hat.*

● *Slim short-skirted dress (right) made in beige lace is fastened with jewelled buttons. The demure bodice-top is finished with a tiny collar, piped and bow-tied with satin. The dress has matching colored accessories.*

● *Young, gay, yet formal, the graceful dress (left) in creamy beige faille has a wide collar and sweeping skirt. The small hat is in the dress material. The white gloves and simple bouquet of white flowers add bridal decor.*

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PORTRAIT OF A BRIDE on her wedding day. The dress is white faille with a bodice-top in chantilly lace. The floor-length skirt sweeps into a slight train. The veil is white tulle. The bride is perfectly dressed for a formal wedding planned to take place in the afternoon or later. Note to the formal bride: Wedding dress can be in a pale pastel.

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Silver Dip

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First in the field of permanent waving . . . and still head and shoulders 'ahead' . . . the Eugene COLD WAVE helps your hairdresser create deep lovely curls and gentle waves that are truly 'permanently yours'. Its exclusive formula also restores and reconditions your hair — making dull, dried out hair as soft, lustrous and easy-to-manage as that of a young girl. This makes it worthwhile insisting on Eugene doesn't it!

Available at salons displaying the world famous Eugene sign . .

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For the bridal party

SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

Here are four fashions beautiful enough to play an important part in any wedding group. The dresses are in the wonderful new butterfly-wing colors. There are designs for bridesmaids, for the mother of the bride or groom, and for a very young flower-girl.

● *Glowing like a jewel (above), a ballerina-length bridesmaid dress in green satin. The dress has a fitted midriff section and sweeps into fullness at the back. The enchanting flower-girl wears a floor-length dress in white organdie with a tuck trim.*

● *The bride's mother and the bridesmaid (left) both wear dresses in beige. The bridesmaid's dress is a dream in flowing chiffon caught under the bosom with satin ribbon. The older woman wears a graceful high-necked dress of lace over taffeta.*

● *Study in rose-pink (right), a beltless beautifully shaped bridesmaid dress with a superbly detailed bodice finished with tiny sleeves. The halo-type ribbon hat is matched in color to the dress. Later the dress would be wonderful for gala party nights.*

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"Good Night" for you
year after year

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See where the stress and strain occur when you use a towel...along the length. That's why Dri-Glo Towels are double woven in the length...that's why Dri-Glo Towels give you years of extra wear. Scientific tests prove that the Dri-Glo "Double Underweave" has far greater strength than the single underweave. That's why Dri-Glo towels are your best buy, they last so much longer.

Your baby deserves the softness of Dri-Glo Baby Naps

and remember... Dri-Glo Naps are hygienically pre-packed for baby's protection.

So soft, so absorbent and so gentle on tender skins—and that famous Dri-Glo "Double Underweave," found in all Dri-Glo products, means so much longer wear

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Trousseau lingerie

SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

Lingerie for the summer bride is truly feminine and lovely. Filmy, lace-trimmed confections of nylon are deliciously pretty and fresh without any laundering problems. Simplified elegance is seen in a waltz-length nightgown and matching straight-falling coat. There's romantic news in the drifting floor-length peignoir and matching nightgown. Bright colors are going out; incoming are soft creamy shades and chalk-white. The ankle-length bedroom coat in diaphanous-white (right), lace-trimmed and threaded with baby-blue satin ribbon, is true trousseau glamor.

● *Baby-blue ribbon and lace is used lavishly for the bedroom coat (above). The coat is ankle-length, gathered at the waistline, and finished with prettily puffed-up sleeves. The material choice for the coat is sheer chalk-white nylon.*

● *Pretty twosome—waltz-length nightgown and matching breakfast-coat. The nightgown is shirred, lace-trimmed, and ribbon-tied at the waist; the coat falls straight from the shoulders, and for extra glamor is trimmed with a rose.*

● *Special-occasion treatment is given to this trousseau peignoir made in white sheer, with lace sleeves and a stand-away-from-the-neckline lace collar. The gown drifts to the floor over a matching nightgown with a lace bodice.*

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Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It **never dries** your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. **It beautifies!** For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!

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Also available in creamy satin-soft lotion form in leakproof Bubbles, 1/- ea.

L121A

"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

Get a tin of Sanatogen from your chemist today and from the start you will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over.

Sanatogen The PROTEIN Nerve Tonic.

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LUCAS

Nylon Tricot

Made from B Nylon S yarn.

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, also makers of fine dresses.

A flower setting for the ceremony

OLD BRASS altar vases filled with Dutch irises, delphiniums, daffodils, and trails of ivy at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, N.S.W. Expert Beatrice Stewart, who did these flowers, says restraint should govern church decorations, especially altar vases.

CLASSIC ARRANGEMENT (left) and matching pew decoration (above). In the arrangement are gladioli, camellias with foliage, azaleas, and Clethra arborea (tree lily of the valley) stripped of foliage. All these flowers keep well and are easy for beginners to arrange. For the pew decoration, trails of ivy, camellias, and azaleas are lightly wired with satin bows. These can be made at home and fixed to the pews just before the ceremony.

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SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

For the many prospective brides who are planning weddings now, Beatrice Stewart, who is noted for her flower arrangements, gives expert advice to those who will do the church decorations themselves.

MISS STEWART arranged the flowers in the church decorations pictured here. She says:

- Permission must be granted by the church before decorations can be carried out.
- Do not attempt too much. Have one or two lovely arrangements rather than a number of inferior ones.
- All the decorations should have one common denominator—good taste. Don't overdo the mixtures and massing of the flowers, the tulle, ribbon, etc.
- If possible, make a trial bowl or pew decoration a few days before decorating the church. This helps avoid last-minute pitfalls.
- Make sure the containers and vases are suitable for the flowers being used.
- Avoid flowers that wilt easily. Blossom, camellias and their foliage, ivy, all lilies, and bulbs keep well. There is nothing worse than "tired" church decorations.
- Gladioli are among the easiest flowers to handle, and they give height, also they are available in most places for ten months of the year.
- Florist wire in two grades—18 and 22—will be required. This is obtainable from a florist supplier; any florist can give an address.
- Soaking the flowers in deep buckets of water several hours before they are to be arranged helps them live.
- Use a flower sheet to catch the odd bits of leaves and foliage and keep the church tidy.
- If conditions permit, put a damp paper over the decorations until just before the ceremony to keep the flowers fresh.

ELABORATE flower arrangement (above) is from overseas, but the flowers are obtainable here in spring and midsummer or substitutes could be used. The flowers are wired on a frame of chicken wire. Tiny glass containers could hold flowers which wilt. The bride's posy of mixed flowers could be copied by beginners.

MATCHING ARRANGEMENT of spring plum blossom with pink gladiolus florets, long-stemmed pink hyacinths backed with pale pink tulle bows is a more elaborate church decoration. Tall spikes of gladioli give the arrangement height. The vase has been padded with leaves instead of chicken wire or needle-point holders; this is easier for the amateur to manage. The pew decoration (above) is carried out with the same flowers. Pale pink camellias could be used instead of gladiolus florets.

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Every mother and mother-to-be needs this expertly written baby book. It answers all your questions on feeding, weaning and infant care! It tells you how to prepare Lactogen and Vi-Lactogen in just two minutes. Explains clearly how scientifically balanced and nourishing these baby foods are. Both Lactogen and Vi-Lactogen (for very young babies) contain vitamins A, D and organic iron, both are processed to make them as easily digested as breast milk. Just measure, sprinkle on top of warm, previously boiled water and stir!

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And that's not all! Somewhere in this big, wide and wonderful range of Kelvinator "Space-savers" you'll discover the model that is exactly right for your particular needs — at a price you can afford to pay.

If ever you've said to yourself: "I'd love to own a Kelvinator!" — now's the time to make your wish come true. See your Kelvinator retailer today.

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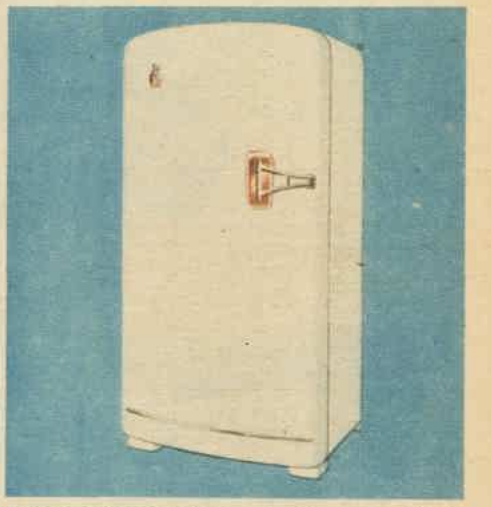
BIG FROZEN FOOD CHEST. This full-width Frozen Food Chest holds up to 35-lbs. of meat, fish, home-packaged and commercially packaged frozen foods. Keeps them fresh not only for weeks but, in many cases, for months.



GLORIOUS COLOUR — inside and outside This big, wide, wonderful Kelvinator range of models gives you the greatest colour selection ever! New delicate hues to bring a bright, fresh look to your kitchen. New colour harmonies that add a certain luxurious touch. Now you can choose from no less than four inside colours: Buttercup Yellow, Pacific Blue, Surf Green, Golden Sand. New outside colours, too — in addition to Lustrous White and Kelvin Cream. These are: Pastel Green, Pastel Blue and Pastel Yellow — and are optional at extra cost.

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO DEFROST AGAIN!

Nothing to turn on or off with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty — it is evaporated for you!

MIGHTY "POLARSPHERE" SEALED UNIT

Exclusive to Kelvinator! This sealed unit floats within its own housing. Gives quietest possible running, maximum efficiency under Australia's most extreme temperatures.

Let the temperature rise! Who cares — when you own a Kelvinator? Frosty drinks, cool, crisp salads right at your fingertips. The model illustrated is the Kelvinator "Space-saver-11 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting; exclusive Pantry Door; Full-width Frozen Food Chest; big Meat Keeper; Roll-out Shelves; Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers — and the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit — exclusive to Kelvinator. Price: £227.10.0.

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Put them in a food mood -Add glamour with...

"LUCKY DIP"

Table jelly of any flavour prepared as directed; few tablespoons of a filling mixture (fruit, cake, nuts, sultanas, chocolate, etc.).

Set the jelly in a mould or bowl. Chill. Take a tablespoon, dip in hot water, scoop out the set jelly from the centre. Fill the hollow with your filling mixture. Melt jelly taken out by standing basin over hot water; cool it, then pour over the ingredients. Chill again. Unmould.

Little folk, teen folk, of-age folk, all relish cool and colourful jellies with these full-fruity flavours:
RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LOGANBERRY, RED CURRANT, BLACK CURRANT, BLACKBERRY, PORT WINE, LEMON, LIME, ORANGE, MANDARIN, GRAPEFRUIT, APRICOT, PINEAPPLE, FRUIT SALAD, VANILLA.

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By LEILA C. HOWARD
Our Food and Cookery Expert

FOR THE BUFFET HELD AT HOME

A wedding breakfast served as a buffet meal at home can be as glamorous as the lovely candle-and-crystal setting shown above or streamlined as in the illustration below.

SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

WHETHER the home wedding reception be simple or elaborate, almost any housewife, with the help of relatives and friends, should be able to prepare an attractive buffet meal to serve to the guests.

The wedding reception that is planned with care and forethought is certain to run smoothly, so when visualising a large buffet meal try to select as many dishes as possible that can be prepared well in advance of the party.

This will leave some time for fixing the last-minute decorations.

Simple foods such as the recipes given on this page make a splendid wedding buffet when they are well cooked and attractively served.

All spoon measurements are level.

CELEBRATION PUNCH

Four bottles lemonade, 2 bottles soda-water, 2 pineapples, 6 passion-fruit, 8 oranges, 4 bananas, 1 bottle claret or sweet sherry, 1lb sugar, ice-cubes.

Peel and chop pineapple and oranges, slice bananas. Place in large serving-jugs or punch-bowl, add passionfruit pulp, claret, and sugar. Just before serving mix in lemonade, soda-water, and ice-cubes.

HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES

Two cups finely diced chicken, 1 cup finely diced ham, 4oz. margarine, 4oz. flour, 2 cups chicken stock, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne.

Combine chicken and ham. Melt margarine, add flour, stir and cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir continuously until mixture thickens and boils. Add chicken stock, cool slightly. Fold in beaten egg, parsley, breadcrumbs, and meats. Season well with salt and cayenne. Fry a spoonful at a time in deep hot fat or oil until golden-brown. Drain on kitchen paper before serving.

These croquettes could be made well beforehand and placed, covered with aluminium foil, in a hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes before required.

PRAWN SCALLOPS

One ounce butter, 1oz. flour, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 to 1½ cups diced prawns, soft breadcrumbs, buttered crumbs.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until very thick. Gradually add cream and egg-yolk. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without boiling. Stir in sauces, lemon juice, salt, pepper, and prawns. Mix well. Fill into 6 scallop-shells greased and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Top with buttered breadcrumbs, serve garnished with whole prawns, lemon wedges, and parsley.

To prepare buttered crumbs: Melt 1oz. butter in shallow pan, add ½ to ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, and saute until lightly browned.

PLATTER SAVORIES

Asparagus Lilies: Thin slices sandwich-loaf bread, softened butter, asparagus spears.

Cut crusts from bread slices, spread with butter. Place an asparagus spear diagonally across each slice, fold opposite corners over, leaving green end of asparagus showing, thus making a "lily" with green asparagus as the stalk.

Sardine Fingers: Fingers of toast cut 1in. x 3in., softened butter, sardines, strips parboiled red pepper.

Spread toast fingers with butter, place a sardine on each, and garnish with red pepper.

Rarebit Spread: Eight ounces cheese, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, salt, cayenne, thinly sliced bread, butter for spreading, green olives, gherkins, red pepper, small sprigs parsley.

Grate cheese, mix with butter, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and cream or milk. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Stir over gentle heat only until ingredients are well mixed together. Spread on to circles or diamond-shaped pieces of bread. Decorate with olives, gherkins, etc.

PINK ANGEL BAVAROISE

Two tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 3 cups milk, 6 eggs, 2-3rd cup sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1½ cups chopped strawberries (or chopped stewed cherries, stones removed), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon rum, ½ cup macaroon crumbs, whipped cream, extra strawberries or cherries.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add milk. Combine egg-yolks and sugar. Add gelatine mixture and cook over hot water for 5 minutes, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cool, then chill until slightly thickened. Fold in vanilla, strawberries, lemon juice, rum, and macaroon crumbs. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into 2 moulds, chill until firm. Unmould, pipe with whipped cream, and fill with strawberries or cherries.

Continued on page 50

EXTRA TOUCHES of tulle and flowers give a festive look to this home-style wedding buffet, which shows to advantage the family's heirloom glass and silver.

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You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the Richard Hudnut egg formula. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean. If your hair is dry, ask for the new Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo for Dry Hair *(blue and gold label)*. If it's normal to oily, you need the regular Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo *(red and gold label)*.

IF YOU HAVE NORMAL TO OILY HAIR, YOU WILL STILL FIND IT BEST TO USE THE REGULAR **RICHARD HUDNUT EGG CREME SHAMPOO.**

This is the original formula, world-famous shampoo so popular with women everywhere. Identify it by its red and gold label.

BUBBLES, 1/3; BOTTLES, 5/6 AND 9/6.

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Newlyweds' gay and modern home

● **The real charm and comfort that two young newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rolle, achieved in the Sydney home they painted, furnished, and decorated themselves is shown in the picture series on these two pages.**

***DINING AREA (above)** at one end of the living-room has its own color scheme, which harmonises with the remainder of the room. The highly polished table is home-made.*

***RIGHT:** An awkward central room leading from the dining area to the sunroom was turned into an attractive bar, completely planned, built, and upholstered by the owners.*

***BELOW:** What were once a tiny kitchen and dull breakfast-room have been combined to make a gay, big kitchen with extra cupboards and benches.*

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ABOVE: Coffee table, settees, and bookcase were all home-made, mostly from scraps of wood. Inset shows a close-up picture of the bookcase-cum-corner-table and coffee table.

YOUTHFUL Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rolle, who were married last June, have furnished and decorated their flat at Cremorne, a Sydney harborside suburb, on a budget. The result is colorful, modern, and essentially young.

The actual transformation began six months before their wedding, when many evenings and most weekends were spent in building furniture and reorganising and painting the flat.

SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

Mr. Rolle made most of the furniture himself, although he had had very little carpentering experience. He made a magnificent wardrobe-dressing-table unit for the bedroom, a bed, two divans, coffee table, dining table, desk, bookcase-cum-corner-table, a handsome bar, and a tiled kitchen table as well as assembling some ready-cut chests for the bedroom.

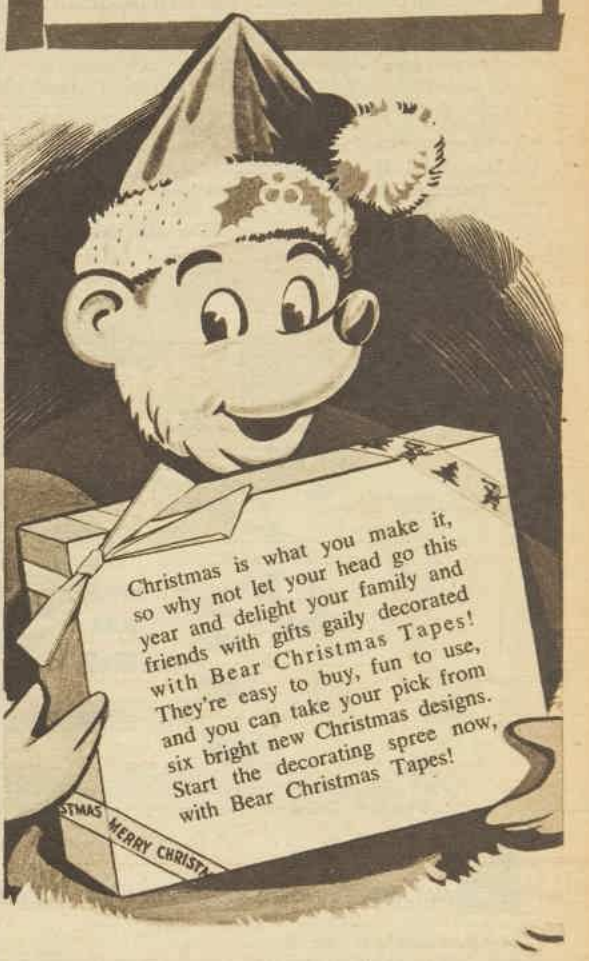
Most of the painting in this attractive flat was done by Mrs. Rolle. The living-room is grey with an avocado feature wall at the dining end, the bedroom pale chartreuse, and the sunroom an interesting combination of deep blue and pale orchid-green.

The smart bar, set in an awkward central room which could be used only as a hallway, is a joint effort. He did the woodwork and tiling, she did the upholstering. The whole effect in black-and-white against a copper-colored wall is striking.

The present kitchen was formerly a kitchen and breakfast-room. The Rolles have made both rooms into one spacious kitchen with a small dining area.

LEFT: One corner of the sunroom houses a desk made from pieces left over from the wardrobe unit built in the bedroom. ABOVE: Section of bedroom with the large wardrobe and built-in dressing-table. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

glamorise your gifts



BEAR
BRAND
Christmas Tapes

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IDEAS to add value and comfort to your home

Need a roomy carport?

A carport does a lot more than just shelter the car. It's a place to store things—the ones you can't place elsewhere—a place for children to play on wet days. Besides it's a handsome addition to your home—if it's built of durable C.S.R. materials.

Here the roof is Fibrock. These corrugated asbestos-cement sheets go up fast and they're inexpensive. The roomy cupboards for tools and games and garden equipment are built of Timbrock Hardboard—we chose Tempered Timbrock for extra weather resistance. It's white-ant proofed, too. The concrete floor was poured with the aid of quarter-inch Timbrock forms. The colourful panels in the egg-crate wall are Fibrock or Timbrock—just as you prefer. Maybe you can use one or all of these ideas?

A make-believe entry-way with Vinylflex Floor Tiles

Does your front door open directly into the living area of your home?

Then maybe you've often wished for a good old-fashioned vestibule where you can greet visitors. Then make one. It's easy, with a few square yards of hard-wearing Vinylflex Floor Tiles. Have them laid inside your door — edged maybe with a planter or divider, and hey presto—your entry way. The muddiest boots and shoes won't be able to mark that Vinylflex lustrous surface. Many decorative colours to choose from, providing endless individual pattern selections.

Coolness comes cheaply with Cane-ite Ceiling Batts

These short lengths of Cane-ite are quickly and easily laid between the ceiling joists, end to end. No nailing, no cutting, no glueing — you can insulate a whole house in a morning. The result — a great drop in summer heat and winter fuel bills — much greater year-round comfort.

This is such an inexpensive improvement, too—only about £3 for a 10′ x 10′ room.

For interior walls and ceilings, convenient-sized, easy-to-handle sheets of Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard are available: Natural, Primed (ready for painting) and prefinished Ivory Cane-ite.

Partition that wasteful built-in with Timbrock

Ever looked at an old-fashioned built-in linen cupboard and estimated how much space is wasted?

Use that space! Install light Timbrock shelves on battens which you tack up the sides of the cupboards. They needn't be very substantial — because each shelf carries a light load — and is spaced at the height of the object it carries.

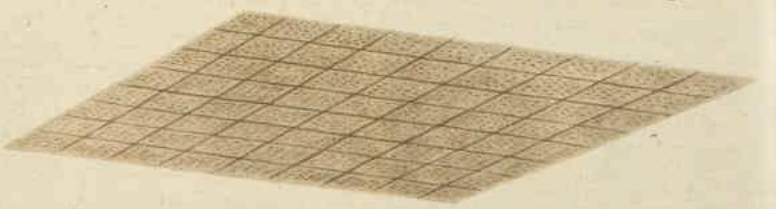
Put your ingenuity to work with Timbrock . . . the inexpensive, versatile hardboard that's splinterless, grainless, can't split, won't crack. Saws easily, flexible enough to bend around curves, smooth finish takes paint well. And this is a quick and easy job, too.

TIMBROCK IS THE ONLY HARDBOARD THAT IS ALWAYS WHITE-ANT PROOFED

Smooth ceilings for old with Gyprock

Tired of looking at those plaster roses (or those cracks) in your ceiling. Well, this is a project that maybe calls for an expert—but it's not all that difficult. Cover that old ceiling with a new smooth ceiling of Gyprock Plaster Wallboard. Ring your nearest C.S.R. Showroom for a quote.

Cane-ite Acousti-tile for peace and quiet



Small children your noise problem? Or mechanical buzzes and bangs. Or just too many people in too little space. What you need is a ceiling to "blot up" harmful, unwanted noise. Believe us—you'll bless the day you put Cane-ite Acousti-tile in your house. After all, see how often you see it in offices and factories where noise must be reduced for efficiency. Each 12″ x 12″ tile goes up fast over existing ceilings—producing an overall, restful appearance. Attractive white prefinished surface or they can be painted a different colour if preferred.

CSR BUILDING PRODUCTS

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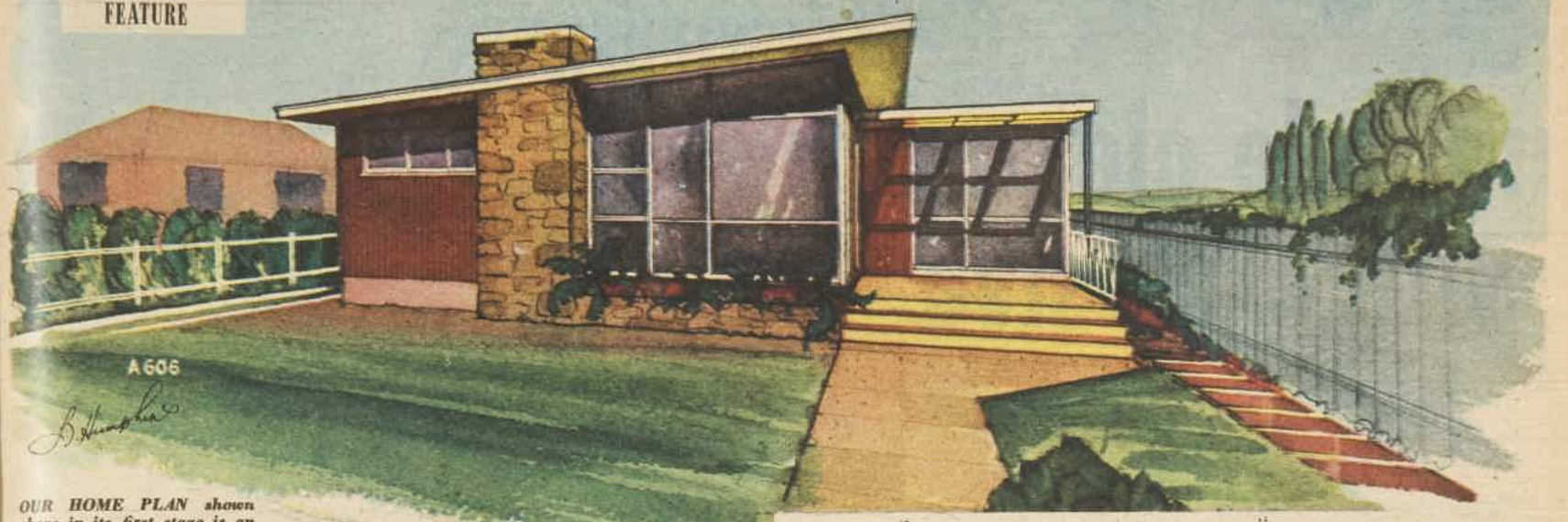
SPECIAL WEDDING FEATURE

Designed for a young couple



OUR HOME PLAN shown above in its first stage is an attractive house for a newly-wed couple, and contains all essentials for modern living.

This week's home plan

OUR home plan this week is specially designed for the young married couple, and can be built easily in two stages. Both stages with their floor layouts are illustrated on this page.

The first stage is an attractive L-shaped house with all essential living facilities — kitchen, bathroom, laundry, bedroom, living-room, and patio.

Later the house can be extended to contain a bedroom wing, a glass-walled sun-gallery, outdoor terrace, and carport.

A feature of the design is the ease with which the extensions can be added, with little disturbance to the life of the household.

The construction of the extension is done from the rear, and all essential plumbing is already in place, having been put in during the first stage, to keep costs to a minimum.

In the first stage the house is 6.1 squares. With the second unit of 4.65 squares, the total area is 10.75 squares, built in timber.

Approximate costs of building the house would be:

In New South Wales: First stage, £2100; total cost, £3385.

In Victoria: First stage, £1850; total cost, £3100.

In South Australia: First stage, £1775; total cost, £2985.

In Queensland: First stage, £1850; total cost, £3100.

The plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres, where a wide variety of other plans are also on sale. Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Thursday to advise on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

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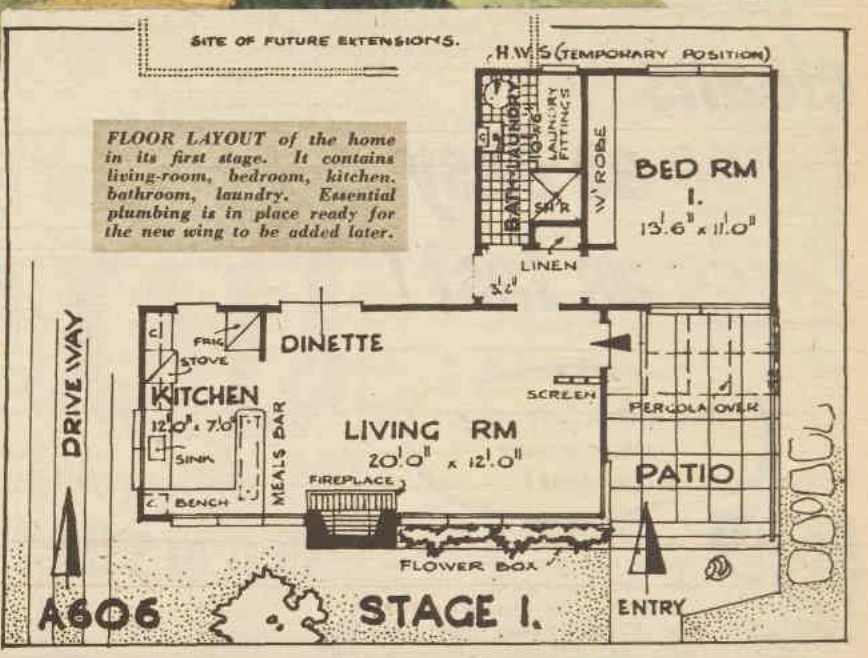
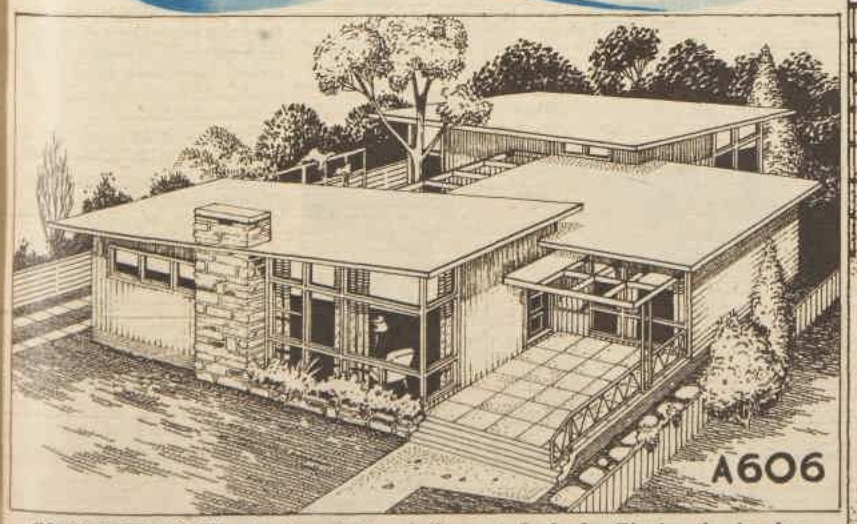
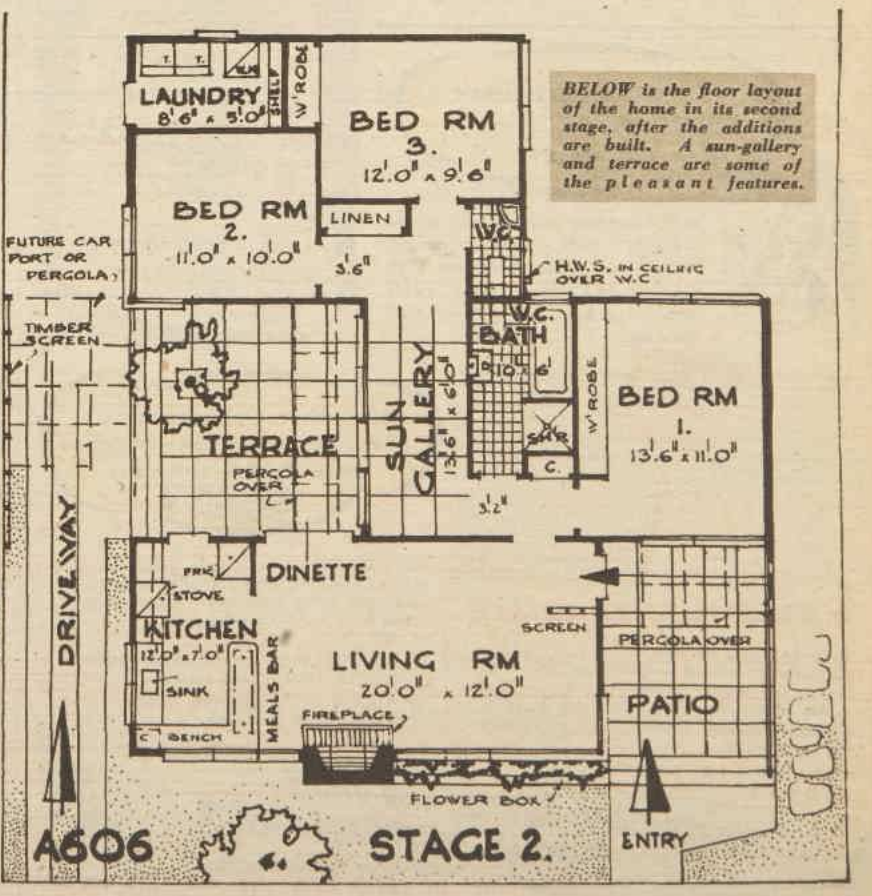


FLOOR LAYOUT of the home in its first stage. It contains living-room, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, laundry. Essential plumbing is in place ready for the new wing to be added later.



COMPLETED HOUSE with the additions built on at the back. The laundry has been moved to the back of the new bedroom wing but is connected to the kitchen by the driveway. The skillion slope of the bedroom-wing roof allows the hot-water service to be installed in the ceiling. A second toilet can be installed at a minimum cost.



BELOW is the floor layout of the home in its second stage, after the additions are built. A sun-gallery and terrace are some of the pleasant features.

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miracle cleanser with exclusive "foaming action"

cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!

Greasy pans come shining clean with *half* the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!

AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, *everything*, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—*in half the time!*

No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains BLEACH

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a **portion** of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

★ AJAX sells more in America and Australia than all other brands combined.
★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
★ AJAX smells good, too.

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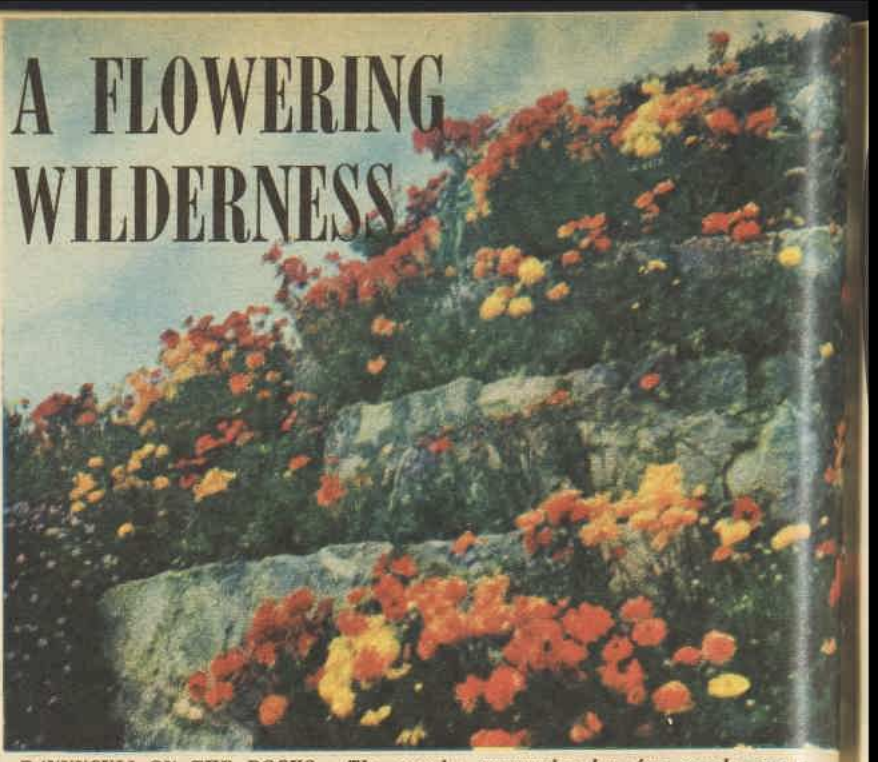
BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

A FLOWERING WILDERNESS



RANUNCULI ON THE ROCKS. The popular ranunculus has few equals among bulbous flowers for a bright spring display. Usually sown in February-March, ranunculi need well-drained soil and an open, sunny position for best results.

● Many gardeners have carefully planned rockeries as a show feature. Many more gardeners have a natural "rockery"—an entire area of rocky ground with very shallow soil-cover.

GARDENING

MOST planned rockeries, unless very skilfully built with spacious bays that allow plant roots to penetrate deeply, have suffered from dry seasonal conditions.

In some places, where rains were heavy, there was erosion, collapse of edgings, or sinking of rocks.

It's time now to put the shaky places right, for the season is advancing rapidly.

Then tackle the weeds, especially annuals that set innumerable seeds. Don't dig them in. Pull them out, then gather and dispose of all the seed-heads carefully.

The gardener with the natural "rockery" has the problem of carpeting it with some color or greenery for the greater part of the year.

First advice to these gardeners is to follow the pattern set by nature. Don't try to grow trees, shrubs, or plants that require deep soil where there is no such soil. Instead, smother the terrain, as nature does, with carpet-like plants that live on a minimum of soil and moisture and conquer their surroundings.

Many plants suitable for carpeting rocks are lime haters. They include the sprawling heathers and ericas, low-growing Kurume azaleas, achilleas or milfoils, campanulas, most ferns, gentians, lithospermum, prostratum, phlox subulata (alpine phlox), primulas, silenes, violas, Soldanella alpina, Dianthus alpinus.

LAMPRANTHUS BICOLOR, formerly classified under mesembryanthemum, golden-yellow flower, fairly upright, and easy to grow in a rockery. It needs an open, sunny place and good drainage.

Gardeners in limestone country should plant lime-tolerators, e.g., the thymes, particularly Thymus serpyllum coccineus and Thymus serpyllum lanuginosus. As rock covers these thymes have few equals.

Where the soil is neutral to slightly acid, the rock gardener can grow practically anything of shallow-rooting habit.

Achillea cerise queen grows to about 2ft., and spreads rapidly in moist, rather acid soil. Achillea ptarmica is a double white variety, and A. tomentosa bright yellow with greyish foliage.

They all need cutting back to the ground each year.

Verbenas, for instance, chamaedrifolia, which trails to about 3ft. and has brilliant long-lasting scarlet flowers, will grow in a minimum of soil. As a family they are drought-resistant and hardy.

Mesembryanthemums do best in gritty, well-drained soil.

The best carpeting varieties are Dorothy Russell (silvery mauve), violaca (rich purple), spectabile (purple), and deltoides (rose-pink), which trails particularly well.

The dainty little Nierembergia azurea (blue, saucer-shaped blooms) makes dense clusters and could be used for small rockery bays. A creeping variety, N. rivularis (large, cream, cup-shaped blooms), is much used where the soil is of medium depth.

For semi-shady spots, ruellia is useful. It is a dwarf of spreading habit and rosy trumpet-shaped flowers, and it needs plenty of water.

Silene maritima, a dainty little white-flowered plant, its pink-flowered sister, maritima rosea, and another relative, Schafta (rose-pink), are equally useful for smothering rock outcrops where the soil is neutral or acid.

All the alpine phlox family make fine carpets of color during early spring. The best of them are Brightness (deep pink), G. F. Wilson (pale mauve), Hilda (white, mauve eye), and Moonlight (soft grey-blue). They appear to do best in high country where the summers are cooler.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUM CHAMBERLAINII, a rather upright but spreading variety of this fine rockery plant. The flowers open bronze, but later change to violet-cerise.

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EXACTO TODDLERS' JAMAS

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"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

G.82.3

New super-cream deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Instantly stops perspiration, keeps arm pits dry. Acts safely as proved by leading Doctors.

Smoother, creamier Arrid

Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.

NOW WITH PERSTOP — will not dry out in jar

A2-12

ARRID

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Available in both smooth cream and handy Arrid "Super-Spray" dispenser.

RECIPES FOR YOUR FILE

● On this page and overleaf are four kitchen-tested recipes to add to your index file. These recipes are printed back to back, with the illustration on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete.

SIRLOIN POT ROAST

● Three to 4 pounds sirloin roast beef, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup water, 1 cup tomato sauce, 3 onions (sliced), 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Rub meat with salt and pepper; brown in hot fat. Add water, tomato sauce, onions, and garlic. Cover, simmer 2 hours. Combine remaining ingredients; add to roast, cover, cook until tender. Remove meat; keep hot.

Parsley Dumplings: Combine 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and 1½ teaspoons baking-powder. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ cup milk; blend. Stir in 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Drop batter by spoonfuls into hot sauce. Cover pan closely and simmer 15 minutes. Sprinkle with extra chopped parsley and serve around pot roast with sauce and vegetables as desired. Serves 5 to 6 persons.

LUSCIOUS CUSTARD SPONGE

● One and a half tablespoons butter, 1-3rd cup flour, 1½ cups milk, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Melt butter, blend in flour. Stir in milk gradually. Cook over heat until thick, stirring constantly. Beat egg-yolks with ½ cup of the sugar until thick and light. Add milk mixture gradually, mixing well. Beat egg-whites with salt, gradually add remaining sugar, continue beating until stiff. Fold into egg-yolk mixture; add vanilla. Pour into ovenproof dish, place in a shallow pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven until set (approximately 1 hour). Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Butterscotch Sauce: In double boiler combine 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup water, 2-3rd cup brown sugar, and 1-3rd cup golden syrup. Cook until thick, stirring frequently. Beat well, pour over custard sponge.

Snap OUT OF SUMMER SAG with ICED MILO

Frosty Iced Milo gives instant *"lift"* just as you sip it through a straw . . . mmm . . . delicious chocolate flavour . . . the *nicest* cold drink that ever put snap and sparkle into saggy summer days.

But Milo gives much more than a refreshing *temporary* lift. Milo contains essential minerals, calcium-rich milk, and malted cereal, fortified with the important vitamins A, B, and D. It is a complete tonic food. Taken regularly, Milo overcomes frayed nerves, irritability and that *"saggy"* feeling . . . ensures extra zest, alertness and energy, summer through. Try Iced Milo this summer—see what it will do for *you*.

SO SIMPLE TO PREPARE!

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. If you like extra frosty Milo add an ice-cube or a scoop of Ideal ice cream just before serving. Delicious — refreshing! and Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal one-whip ice cream.

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It's smoother, easier to apply, won't rub or powder off, completely covers grass stains and marks . . .

BIG GLASS JARS — EXTRA LARGE TUBES

WILL NOT RUB OFF

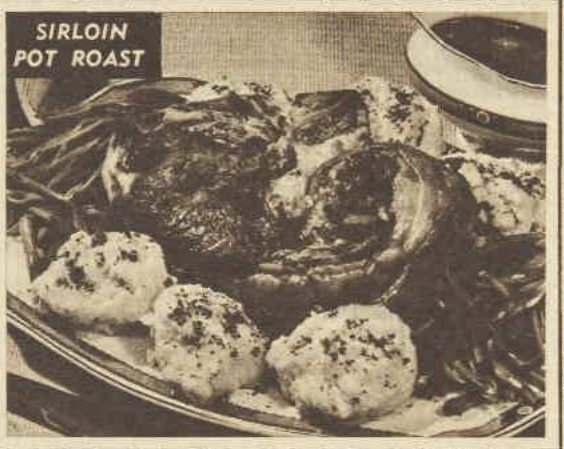
MORE RECIPES FOR FILING

● **Below are two recipes to add to your kitchen index file. Readers who do not already own one can order a ready-made file from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.**

BAKED STUFFED FLATHEAD

● Two or 3 medium-sized flathead, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, salt and pepper to taste, stuffed olives, mashed potatoes, carrot straws, lemon, parsley.

Trim fish and remove eyes, rub all over with a cut lemon. Mix breadcrumbs, parsley, lemon rind, nutmeg, butter, salt and pepper. Fill each fish, sew up with coarse thread. Brush top of fish with a little extra melted butter, pack balance of stuffing along top of each, dot with extra butter. Place in well-greased baking-dish, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Carefully remove thread. Lift on to serving board or plate and garnish with sliced olives, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve with hot mashed potato and carrot straws. Serves 4 to 5 persons.

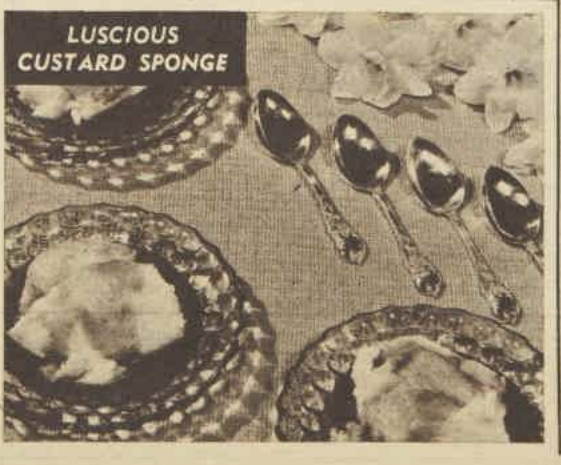


SIRLOIN POT ROAST

STRAWBERRY CREAM DELIGHT

● Three-quarters cup water, 4oz. butter, ¾ cup flour, 3 eggs, 2 pkts. strawberry-flavored jelly crystals, 1¼ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 2 cups strawberries, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup cream.

Bring water and butter to boil over low heat. Add flour all at once, stir vigorously until paste leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat. Add eggs one at a time. Beat well after each addition. Spread mixture on bottom and sides of greased 9in. pie-plate. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes; reduce to moderate and cook further 20 to 30 minutes. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water; add cold water. Cool. Mix strawberries with sugar, crush, allow to stand 30 minutes. Add juice to jelly mixture. Chill until beginning to thicken, whip until fluffy. Fold in berries and ¾ of the whipped cream. Pour into pie-shell; chill. Decorate with remaining cream and extra berries. Serves 8.



LUSCIOUS CUSTARD SPONGE

CELERY-AND-BACON PIE, served piping hot with a topping of creamy mashed potatoes, is a tasty dish to serve at luncheon or weekend teas.

PRIZE RECIPE

● **A recipe for a delicious and unusual dish, celery-and-bacon pie, wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.**

THIS prizewinning dish is also an ideal way to use left-over meat and vegetables, which can replace the ingredients given in the recipe below.

All spoon measurements are level.

CELERY-AND-BACON PIE

One bunch celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 egg, 4 to 6 rashers cooked bacon (rind removed), 3 or 4 tomatoes (sliced and lightly sautéed), 1lb. cooked mashed potatoes, parsley.

Wash celery, cut into 2in. lengths. Place in boiling salted water, add lemon juice, and cook 10 minutes. Drain; return to saucepan, add milk and half the butter. Bring to the boil, simmer until tender, approximately ½ hour. Remove celery, thicken liquid with flour (which has been blended into a smooth paste with a little extra milk), stir over heat 3 or 4 minutes; then stir in beaten egg, season with salt and pepper. Place a layer of celery in base of a greased ovenware dish, cover with a layer of bacon, then sliced tomatoes. Continue in this manner until ingredients are used. Pour over the thickened liquid. Pile potatoes around edge, dot with balance of butter. Bake in hot oven until topping is lightly browned and filling thoroughly reheated. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Matthews, Main Street, Kapunda, S.A.

For the buffet held at home

from page 43

PARTY CAKES

Prepare 4 quantities of your favorite foundation cake mixture. Fill 2 quantities into slab-tins, cook as usual, and cut into shapes when cold. Use remainder to make plain patty cakes and trim or decorate as follows:

Coffee Butterflies: Make patty cakes according to recipe, allow to cool. Cut a slice from top of each, then cut slice in halves. Place a spoonful of pink cream on top of each cake and replace the two small pieces, pressing them lightly into the cream to represent butterfly wings. Dust lightly with icing sugar. Flavor cream with coffee or vanilla or both.

Coconut Othellos: Make patty cakes in shallow patty-tins, allow to cool. Coat each cake with chocolate icing, toss lightly in coconut. When icing is set, cut each cake half-way across middle and gently force cake open. Fill opening with vanilla-flavored cream.

Chocolate Marble Fingers: Cover top of slab or marble cake with thin chocolate icing. When quite set, cut cake into fingers or rounds.

Passionfruit Creams: Pipe roses of whipped cream around edges of patty cakes, fill centres with passionfruit spread, bought or home made.

FAMILY DISH

A SATISFYING and inexpensive dish is sausage-and-potato roll. It costs 4/3 and serves four.

SAUSAGE-AND-POTATO ROLL

One pound cooked potatoes, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 large onion, 1 chopped tomato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 beaten egg, 2 hard-boiled eggs, dried breadcrumbs, fat, salt, pepper.

Mash potatoes, adding salt and pepper. Add sausage meat, finely chopped onion, tomato, parsley, and half the beaten egg. Mix thoroughly, shape into roll. Press hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves, into the roll and mould meat mixture over. Brush with balance of beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs. Cover bottom of pan with melted fat, place roll in, and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

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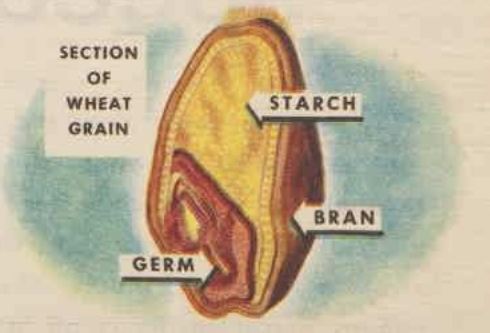
WEETIES retain the vital heart-of-the-wheat grain

WEETIES WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES give you extra food value . . . proteins, carbo-hydrates and roughage . . . 3 foods in one! You get all the natural food wealth of sun-ripened wheat in WEETIES. The wheat heart or germ remains, providing the protein for body building. The inner layers of the wheat grain give the carbo-hydrates for energy. The outer shell of the grain, rolled, toasted and malted, provides the roughage to keep your system regular. Served with hot or cold milk, with stewed fruit, or sliced fresh fruit, WEETIES give you a wonderful, healthy start for the day. If you buy them in the big *whip-open* pack, they will last you for 36 nourishing serves.



36 BREAKFASTS FROM THE BIG 24 oz. PACK

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Mrs. Hathaway, like a million other Australian women, washes up every day in Rinso's richer, softer suds.

She says: "The generous Rinso lather makes light work of the biggest stack of greasy dishes." And just see how those rich, soft suds keep Mrs. Hathaway's hands as smooth and soft as her own little daughter's.

Your hands are out of hot water much sooner because Rinso speeds-up dishwashing

Why wash-up with slow old bar-soaps the way Mother *had* to do when Rinso can help you get through the job much faster? When dishes meet up with Rinso's richer suds, the grease just melts away! Tight-stuck food, like dried-on egg and gummy macaroni, floats off in seconds. Forks and spoons come out not just soap-and-water-clean but *hygienically-clean*. But, even more important, your hands are in hot water only half the time because Rinso is so speedy. Wash-up the modern way with Rinso! More than a million Australian housewives do every day.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
for week beginning Nov. 11

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in unexpected places.	★ Work out plans alone. Watch all details involving time or money. Stick to your schedule and attend to every item personally, then you're on the road to victory.	★ Do not be swayed by the silly notions of a person close to you who has exaggerated ideas about social standing. Money spent for show will be wasted.	★ Do not magnify every trifle. Love does not live always on romance. You and your beloved must share working days. Brighter skies are coming soon.	★ If you are planning good times for others, success should crown your efforts, but there may not be much personal fun in it. Your main joy is in giving.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in personal relationships.	★ Shared projects fare better than you hoped. It may prove more economical to buy goods in quantity and split them up with others. Exchange of services is favored.	★ If you know a lonely person who is away from family and friends you could not do a kinder deed than to draw him, or her, into your family circle.	★ You and the one you love best should now be set for a new and triumphant chapter. Don't forget the affection and praise which sustain masculine confidence.	★ Much of your leisure may be spent with a group of new associates who are working along different lines from previous interests. There is an appeal in novelty.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a persuasive tongue.	★ It's easy to begin with enthusiasm, only to flag when the thrill dies. You must stay the distance or many excellent ideas will fade out. Discipline mind and nerves.	★ Plan to make housekeeping easier in summer. A pleasantly cool effect may be attained by removing some ornaments or heavy curtains. Flat-dwellers buy potplants.	★ You may "brush off" a person who is trying to please. If he is the wrong one, be honest and avoid arousing false hopes. He may be a staunch friend.	★ If you have taken on too much, this is where you sag, although never for long. Assign what you can to other people, keeping the controlling reins yourself.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in love or money.	★ Luck rather than merit rules this week. A job you dreaded may be done quickly because circumstances have changed. Work you enjoy may lead to other ventures.	★ Barbecue season will soon be here and outdoor entertaining will save labor and give pleasure. Consider the possibility of refurbishing that suburban backyard.	★ Picture your ideal of a dream girl and strive to live up to it. If you are in love you will spread happiness. An offer of marriage is probable for some.	★ In conjunction with a little syndicate you might, on a social occasion, make a lucky strike which brings happiness to everyone. Success in games is possible.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in completing a task.	★ Impatience to finish a job may drive you along. You may be waiting for news, about situations or people, and it is delayed. If you have time, clear up odds and ends.	★ Your household may look to you to give a lead in a trying situation caused possibly by an elderly relative. Gain prestige by using tact in the solution.	★ Planning your future home is a happy occupation. Some keep a scrapbook of ideas, others are busy with glory-boxes and amateur furniture-making.	★ Don't carry on with any social activity that begins to bore you. A short interval in a busy social life won't hurt you. You may have a new interest.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in getting there first.	★ Taking messages for workmates may loom largely. Accuracy is essential. It is better to do a little with care, for if you try to do everything you'll tangle up.	★ Errands may assume an unusual importance; for yourself or others you may be obliged to make decisions, arrive at compromises with intensive personal effort.	★ Advice to those who feel youth is slipping into a romance-barren future: Make friends with boys and girls your own age. It's the first step towards love.	★ You may rise one morning early and embark on a sudden expedition which could have surprising consequences. It might lead to new people, a new set-up or hobby.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building.	★ Arithmetic is your best friend. Imagining two and two makes five could be your downfall. Lack of system could be more disastrous for you than sheer extravagance.	★ Look for quality rather than quantity. One article worth having is better investment and sound economy. You may have money to spend and discover it goes far.	★ Fights with the beloved over money are painful. If there is friction now it will certainly increase later. If he is financially irresponsible he won't improve.	★ With Christmas and summer holidays ahead you may prefer less expensive amusements. Your home neighborhood may provide a suitable background.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in the near future.	★ Faith in yourself and your ideas is your chief means to success; don't let others discourage you from bold action. In business, personity triumphs over logic.	★ You may return home and be glad to be alone. Time to think can be precious, because it is the prelude to action. Soon you will be starting off again.	★ If love has hit you hard you will be a changed person. Being loved by another Scorpio is a rich experience. Your intuition will tell you how you can please.	★ Perhaps you go off on a jaunt which involves one or two luxuries. Some of you enjoy alone what your friends would not—an art exhibition, a concert, or a play.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in solving a problem.	★ Quiet, steady effort may not be exciting, with your temperament, but it is what the stars and your best interests require. In your spare time plan ahead.	★ Many of you make your first attempt at dressmaking and find it easier than expected. The advice of a more experienced friend will be helpful. Sew for children.	★ So that little spark has grown into a flame, but you are too shy to show your feelings. You fear ridicule. Soon you will come out in the open.	★ If you are concerned with a fete for school or church, if you are organising the year's final effort for a society, you will be dashing around at top speed.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a budding romance.	★ Idle talk may lead farther than intended; don't become involved in office quarrels or exaggerate trifles. To stay friendly, stick close to your work.	★ Your home may see little of you because there are friends to be met in town. There are all sorts of attractions elsewhere in a burst of social activity.	★ A new thrill may blot out a previous romance. The former beloved may sulk, but you will hardly notice. The new boy has almost everything; he's the one.	★ Better start exercises and possibly dieting for those new clothes in which you hope to create a dramatic impression, the admiration of men, envy of women.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in making the right contacts.	★ If you are given greater responsibilities, don't be afraid to tackle new or unfamiliar work. Use commonsense, but avoid a swelled head.	★ If your home is on parade, even entertaining not very congenial guests, you can cheer yourself up with the thought it will soon be over and you can relax.	★ Move cautiously in any budding love affair where social differences are involved. You may find it difficult to fit in with each other's friends. True love is essential.	★ Those who have been elected to office will receive their full share of the spotlight. Others may be electioneering for their friends. You will come before the public.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck on the highway.	★ Your greatest need on the job may be a new slant, especially if you are bored. Get out every chance you have, look for new ideas, methods, techniques.	★ Put your foot down firmly if the domestic situation shows signs of getting out of hand. Children may be irritating. Don't be a martyr; take command.	★ Many a winter romance fades in spring. The dancing partner may not like the surf and the glamor girl may fear a sunburnt complexion.	★ This year determine to try something different for your holidays. Engage the enthusiasm of friends in a shared vacation. This summer is outstanding.

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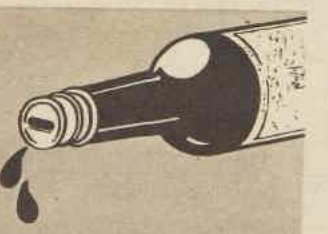
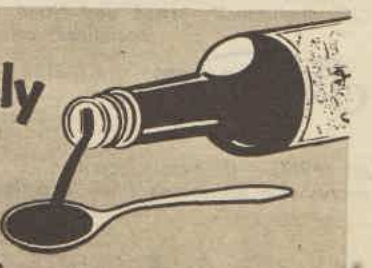
It Drops Cleanly

to season tomato juice steaks, chops - all grills!



It Pours Freely

to flavour your cooking - casseroles, stews, gravies, any of your favourite dishes!



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Continuing .... Turn Again, Mossie

from page 19

vouch for Mossie's ability to follow a simple instruction if it were repeated often enough.

They must remember to feed him well and often, to give him a shilling or two a week, just whatever they thought fit, for his services on the farm, and to let him have a money-box with a key and on no account to try to get the key away from him. In matters of food and money Mossie was a natural peer.

So Mossie went to the country, went off wrapped as tight as a chestnut bud. He gripped his big old suitcase, worked his ears under his cloth cap, and talked loudly and incessantly to the bus driver, who listened because he did not mind, and he had no escape anyway.

Soon the driver detected the moss-trodden softness of Mossie beneath the broken shards of his speech and was surprised at his own gentleness when he set him down at the turn-off and held the bus there, ready to be angry. A smile of forgiving relief branded his face when Uncle George clattered up in the farm jinker.

Mossie then was a picture the bus driver was never able to forget. It was the picture of an eternal child, its eagerness a little thing that went on tiptoe within himself, waiting to be made welcome.

Uncle George was slow and bluff and big. He helped Mossie up into the jinker, slapped the reins, and jolted them along. His smile began to frown a little, his mind on the pigs' mash and the hash that a little raw heifer like Mossie could make on a small man's farm.

Well, there was no hash. Mossie was willing enough and remarkably imitative. True, let him feed the pigs once and he did it every time he got near them until George foresaw the gluttonous hogs all wind and blubber that would swell until his profits popped.

He and Willa had a struggling, frustrating few years before Mossie came to their ways. His stubby roots at last dug in and he got the rich earth under his toenails. The winds of the four seasons and the sowings and reapings in between no longer puzzled and isolated him.

He became a blown grey leaf that the furrows feel not, a nut-stroking branch to the heads of the farm beasts, a crinkly earth noise, a smell of manure and warm milk and rising dough that even the fowls knew and accepted. He was an unripe fruit, but if it was too late to mature him, it was timely to mellow him with the plum-brushing bloom of the earth.

Through the long working years Mossie grew hard and corrugated about the hands and scalp. He filled so many money-boxes that Uncle George got him a bank book. Without embarrassment he took him into the branch manager of the tiny bank.

The branch manager, the teller, and Uncle George had two trying experiences they were not likely to repeat. The first was when George unthinkingly pried the money-boxes away from him and shovelled them across the counter to the teller. Taken by surprise, Mossie set up a hiccupping protest and immediately set about retrieving the boxes.

The second was when the teller reached for the bank-book and offered him a new one. The old one was unreadable, save as a hieroglyph of Mossie himself. It had grease stains and fruit smudges, tea drippings, fluff, grass seeds, and kapok scarring the figured columns. He carried it with him always, his certificate of existence, and hid it under the mattress while he slept.

When the teller flicked the book away from him, shock woke Mossie to reality. He began to bawl. Uncle George, the teller, and, finally, the branch manager, attracted from his office by the uproar, awakened to the blunder too late.

They felt that shame that comes to those caught red-handed in some nefarious act. It was a feeling they were helpless to reject. Mossie's bansheeing unjustly committed them to this monstrous wrongdoing.

Loungers in the town and farmers in on business gawped in at the bank door, their eyes like gooseberries, their smiles filling their teeth with a story to be sucked on for many a day.

Uncle George finally managed to get out of the bank, scarlet as a japonica flower. He bundled them both into the jinker and drove off at such a pace that the mare was exhausted when they reached home.

When Uncle George came to the kitchen door, mopping his face, Mossie ran ahead of him to tell Willa, kneading bread in the kitchen. In his horny fist he clutched two bank books. Thereafter Mossie went alone to the bank. Nothing could persuade Uncle George to go with him.

Because the years had nothing to take from him, they left none of their fingerprints upon him. He passed from one calender to another as though their leaves were furrows he stepped across. He grew old only in the increasing corrugations of his scalp, and the greyness of his hair, stiff as pig bristles.

There were no lines on his mild face, no sag to the open mouth. His hands grew hornier, and he stumbled a little as he ran. Sometimes, the thick chocolate drinks he had last thing at night and the monotonous meats brought him out in carbuncles, and his eyes were often red with tiredness.

He was sixty-five and getting the pension. He had two suits, four pairs of socks and boots, a bright red woollen jumper and a dull green cardigan, two pairs of underpants, three shirts, two hats (one old, one new), and £217/18/4 in the bank.

He worked from sun up till well past sundown six days a week. He went up to the city once a year to see the Regatta, and stayed for two days with friends of the Midfords who had an old pub down near the wharves, and he came back to the farm full of useless odds and ends and hazy ideas about work.

After his regatta trips, he was always difficult. He became increasingly so. Not that he loved the city. He came to it as yeasty as country bread that goes stale in the city windows. But it gave him vague ideas of leisure, and in the difficult comparison he sensed that he was not getting his share of it.

He began to have tantrums. They came as abruptly as thunder clapping, and set an unexpected problem for the now elderly Midfords. What they had failed to realise in their sometimes hard kindness was that somewhere beyond the child part of him Mossie was deadly tired and longing to give up.

All at once, they realised that they had had a surfeit of Mossie. They had been gorged on him for half a century, and the taste was sour.

After a particularly trying tantrum when he was not allowed to go twenty miles to a wedding because the August

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READERS' CHOICE CONTEST

● "Turn Again, Mossie" is the fourth to be published of six prize-winning *stories from our recent short-story contest* held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

These six stories are the background for our interesting Readers' Choice Contest, for which cash prizes amounting to £85 will be awarded.

This is what you have to do:

Read "Turn Again, Mossie" carefully and the two which will follow in the next two weeks until the issue of November 27.

When you have read the six, vote for the story you consider the best. (The first, "Tail of a Wallaby," appeared in the October 23 issue, the other two in succeeding weeks.)

In our November 27 and December 4 issues we will publish a voting coupon with the six stories listed. Simply indicate on the coupon which story you *think the best, and write and attach to* it a 50-word letter giving the reasons why.

Each reader is entitled to only one vote and one comment.

Readers' votes will win an additional £100 for one of the authors. Each author has already won £50 prize-money. Phyllis Rose, author of "Tail of a Wallaby," also won an extra £100, the special award for an author who had never before had any work published.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

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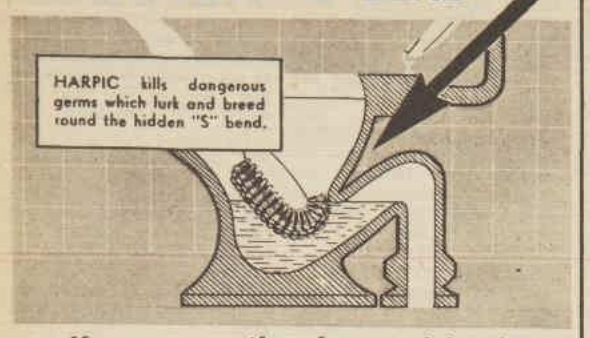

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Continuing .... Turn Again, Mossie

from page 55

weather was deadly with frost, and Mossie had a heavy chest cold, he locked himself in his room and stayed there for two days. They decided something had to be done.

Down in the kitchen, Willa, wincing with the rheumatism in her hip, carefully lowered her broad seat to the tressle chair, and leaned her broad elbows on the scrubbed table. George, awkwardly fumbling a knotted thumb to his pipe, sat opposite her, his full belly nudging the table edge.

She glanced at the ceiling and then at George. "There come a times," she said, "when I think Mossie don't miss out by much. But what's missing's got too much for me. He's got to go."

George felt heavy under the ultimatum, but Willa was right. After the heaviness that comes close to guilt, he felt a surging lightness of relief.

"Reckon that Pooley Watts would let 'im have that shack of his down by the creek," he said, willing enough to make plans for Mossie's future. "He can git 'is meals at the pub."

So it was settled. And jointly they put their hands to the little toy, and unwittingly they gave it that extra turn that made the works whirr to a frantic standstill.

Mossie went berserk when they told him. He ran around the kitchen smashing willow cups and saucers, grabbed up the hatchet and flattened the woodbox, swung wildly and missed Willa screaming by the dresser, lunged at George lurching around the table, and flung the hatchet through the window, and stumbled, roaring, up to his room.

That finished Pooley's shack. Mossie must leave the district. He was dangerous.

They rang Father Denny, who listened gravely and promised to ring The Home.

The Home was the huge dark stone house in the city where old destitute men lived. They did not go there. They were put there. Even Mossie had heard of it.

The announcement took away his rage and sent the tears streaming down his cheeks. He kept hiccupping and smudging his eyes with his cuffs. George and Willa had the deepest heart pangs for his grief, and could not look at his eyes. Yet they remained adamant.

Arrangements were made, but he kept them out of his room so they could not help him pack. They could hear him overhead knocking about the room, and drawers being pulled open and shut again.

When the fowls were pecking at their first meal of the day, and there was a whinny of movement on the farm, Mossie came out into the apricot-scented air, and saw none of it. He was carrying his old suitcase.

He shook hands with them, and wept and climbed for the last time into the jinker beside George, and that unhappy man could say nothing, could only sit there flicking the reins, his underlip gnawed in, a burden of sorrow for the little unfinished ones like Mossie bowing him. He felt older than the ancient trees they passed. All along the way, they stopped and Mossie said goodbye to those he saw. Everyone avoided those wet grey eyes.

The bus driver, quietly outraged by the departure, took Mossie gently by the arm, let him sit right behind him in the special seat, and was prepared to listen till kingdom come to his talking. But Mossie had nothing to say. His weeping became intolerable whispering through the bus.

The driveway up to The Home is straight as a ruler, and twenty arms wide. It is so long a man gets smaller as he leaves the street, and fills out only a little, because his spirit shrinks, as he nears the door.

Mossie stood there helplessly and in panic, and could not bring himself to knock. He was wildly thinking of a place to run to when the door opened, and a white-haired man looked down at him.

In the cold, dark office they faced each other across a desk. When the details were completed, Mossie followed the superintendent past peeping crumpled old faces up the narrow stairs.

A room of his own, a locker of his own, a big bath towel and a face towel, his and nobody's else's, and two keys. Mossie ceased to cry and began to look around.

"Mr. Mossie," said the superintendent gravely, speaking as one equal to another. "You have a late pass twice a week. You work three half-days on the farm and get 7/6 a week for doing it. I shall take half your pension for your keep. The rest is yours, plus your earnings. There is a free picture night once a week at The Home, and you can eat as much as you like."

Mossie stood motionless. Within him the eager thing that had gone on tiptoe so long ago stirred again.

At the door, the superintendent turned, and his smile warmed Mossie's bleak face. He said: "I believe you are very fond of regattas. Well, that's all right."

Mossie's ears began to work. The superintendent added casually: "You might like to go to the Apple Festival each year. It's in March, a lovely time of the year. I can arrange that for you."

He closed the door gently behind him.

Festival of Apples. Mossie walking under the blossoms, staring up at the decorated floats miraculous with apple queens gliding smiling by. Mossie burrowing blissfully through the crowds. Every year. Time of his own.

The broken spring of the simple toy began its first faint whirrings back to life.

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Continuing . . Love's Old Sweet Song

from page 21

make it plain when the boss comes it was none of us touched them."

So she pulled out the poor, tortured roses that were crammed into china baskets of horrible design, and re-arranged them so that they looked at home. Not like displaced persons jammed in a queue, thought Mitsi, smiling to herself.

Upstairs in the library Mrs. Parkinson said to Mr. Parkinson, "I am going to take your Hungarian friend from the embassy down to see Mitsi, since she refuses to appear. Maybe he can tell us where she comes from and something about her."

"My dear girl, he is not likely to know anything about our good cook. Let well alone. Maybe she has her own reasons for not wanting to appear."

"I feel certain she has," Mrs. Parkinson said dryly.

Down in the kitchen, with no idea what was brewing for her, Mitsi made her special goulash, and she made almas retes and kremes beles, crisp and golden, piled high in Mrs. Parkinson's flowered china dishes. The buffet stood glistening and inviting, all ready.

The caterer's men stubbed out their cigarettes and put on their best faces and their black coats, and a large shining automobile drove to the door. Mitsi thought it was the first of the guests, but the head-waiter said it was Mr. MacGreggor come to see if everything was right.

"And it's O.K. about your flowers. Real pleased with them, the boss was. He asked us who did them, so we told him the cook. He's coming down presently to thank you."

Mitsi said quickly, "No. I am not at home to anyone. I am busy and cannot see them."

"What he wants to do he'll do," said the head-waiter with obvious respect, as he went off with a tray of glasses.

Presently, by the gay scraping of violins that flowed down the service lift, Mitsi knew the party had begun. The rooms filled up with noise and chatter that drifted downstairs. Loads of dirty glasses, of empty plates came down the lift with a rattle and bounce, to be dealt with by Mitsi, who stood at the bottom waiting.

The daily woman, Mrs. Gruel, had been meant to come and give a hand, but she was never one to put herself out on someone else's account. It was her night for going to the pictures, so to the pictures she went, sending word along only at the last moment. Mitsi had to manage alone. Not that she minded, only it did not go as quickly as she would have liked on account of her having only one pair of hands. There was always someone banging impatiently on the lift shaft upstairs.

When the door of the kitchen opened she thought it was the head-waiter again, and she said calmly, "Yes, yes. They are arriving now in a moment," stacking the newly polished glasses, the plates refilled with canapes into the lift.

Then as she moved away from the scullery towards the cleared end of the big kitchen, she turned and looked at him, and realised it was not the head-waiter after all. This must be Mr. MacGreggor himself paying his promised visit, or more likely come to complain, she thought.

He was tall, with an unmistakable air of authority about him, and in his buttonhole he wore a small white rose tinged with gold. He was so well dressed and well set up he might have been one of the guests, except that, of course, no guest would find his way below-stairs.

"You are all alone," he said. "Why did you not tell me? I could have sent someone to help you."

"I am used to being alone," she said. The cat, looking supercilious, arrived through the window with the air of one not wishing to miss anything. "But, you see, I have one friend," said Mitsi, smiling.

Mr. MacGreggor said, "You are Hungarian?"

"Yes, I am Hungarian." She gave him a look that was suddenly distrustful, for it came to her maybe he was one of Mr. Parkinson's Hungarian acquaintances come to pry.

"From Kendares?" he said, and his voice was oddly breathless.

"From Kendares," she said. "You know this place?"

The kitchen table had been between them, but now he came round it, and took her two hands in his and held them against his face.

"You do not know me?" he said. "You do not remember those days and the games we played, and the wolves that chased us, nagisaya? And the wooden house I built for you in the trees, where we pretended we had a home together? And the rose you gave me that time—the last time—Always, look, I wear a rose."

She looked at him then, and saw it was the same honest, boyish face, only thinner, and the eyes were the same honest country eyes that had smiled into her own long, long ago.

"Janos," she said. "My little Janos. Is it possible! But what do you do here? Are you merchant? Diplomat?"

He laughed, and when he laughed he was a boy again, the boy she had known in those other years.

"No. I am the caterer, believe it or not. I was lucky, nagisaya," he told her. "I learned some cooking in those days from Zusanaa. I came to England. In England anyone who can cook can make a fortune, for always the English are hungry and always there is nothing fit to eat. So I begin, and soon I am a rich man, with a catering business that has many branches. MacGreggor and Co. Diplomacy? Phut! Anyone can become a diplomat and struggle to make ends meet, but he who can cook has the world at his feet. And you, what are you doing here, down in this place, dressed so?"

She said, laughing, "I also am the cook."

"You are the cook? Here? It cannot go on so. You must come with me. The old world is dead, dragan, but we can build a new one together. Now I have a better house for you. No longer a wooden house in a tree—a good house. And I will keep off the bears. Nagisaya, my beautiful, my darling one, there shall be no more wolves——"

Mrs. Parkinson had explained the situation to the man from the Hungarian Embassy in Paris before she took him downstairs and opened the kitchen door. Someone was banging impatiently on the walls of the service lift for more clean glasses, but nobody was taking any notice.

Mitsi stood in the arms of Mr. MacGreggor, the caterer, the cat looking on with an air of smug approval. So engrossed were they with each other that neither heard the kitchen door open.

"Nagisaya," said Mr. MacGreggor, and he said it over and over again. "Dragan," he said.

"I do not think we are needed here just now," said the Hungarian gentleman, and he backed out tactfully, leaving Mrs. Parkinson no choice but to follow him.

"That's the caterer — Mr. MacGreggor," said Mrs. Parkinson, furious. "He was recommended to me as a most reliable man."

"I think that he is probably highly reliable," murmured the Hungarian gentleman.

"Nagisaya. What on earth does it mean, nagisaya . . . dragan?"

"'Dragan' means 'my darling.' 'Nagisaya' is a term of respect, used only to those of big families. Important persons, with titles, of whom we have now so few left."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Parkinson testily. "The woman is my cook."

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for him. It's addressed to him." He looked up. "Whom do you suppose it could be from?"

Marian took the envelope and looked carefully at the writing. "I don't know. I can't imagine. A typewritten address. Could it be Paul, do you think?" Paul Taylor, one of their close friends, was a professor of history at Harvard.

"Perhaps. We'll call him in a while."

Marian suddenly exclaimed, "John, for heaven's sake! Look at it. It can't be from Paul. Look at the stamp."

"Republik Osterreich," John read slowly, slurring the foreign sounds. "That's Austria, isn't it? Whom do we know in Austria?"

Geoffrey came running in with the magnifying glass. "Here, Dad. Can you make it out? It's a funny thing to send, isn't it? Who sent it?"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, Geoff." John laughed. "Give us time."

"It comes from Austria, Geoffrey," Marian said. "Are any of your friends there? Any of the boys from school?"

"I don't think so. Gee, that's funny!"

"Don't say 'gee,'" Marian said automatically. "Can you make it out, John?"

"No, no, I can't. Come and look." Marian leaned over John's shoulder and, taking the magnifying glass, looked through it closely. "Odd, isn't it? It looks very old, don't you think?"

"Yes," John said. "Wait a minute." And he took the glass out of Marian's hand. "Look, there are five letters. Or anyway five something or other. They certainly aren't ordinary letters."

"Let me see." Geoffrey pushed himself between Marian and John. John handed him the glass. "They look very different from our letters, don't they, Daddy? What do you think they mean?"

Continuing . . . . The Medallion

from page 25

"I don't know," John said, and while he looked through the glass once more Geoffrey picked up the envelope and looked at the Austrian stamp.

"Daddy, look!" Geoffrey called out, and they saw that he held a small strip of thin airmail paper in his hand. "It says," and he deciphered it slowly, "'On This Blessed Day to Thee.' What does it mean, Daddy?"

John took the paper out of his hand. "Where did you find that, Geoff?"

"Right in the envelope," Geoffrey said. "It was right at the very bottom."

John looked at the narrow strip of paper in his hand and then, about to pass it over to Marian, he looked up and encountered her eyes. They were wide open and her face had paled.

"Daddy, come on, tell us. Tell us, what is it?" Clarissa, playfully, had picked up the little piece of paper.

"Clarissa, give that to me at once." Marian's voice was peremptory and hard, and Clarissa, utterly amazed, held out her hand at once. Geoffrey, startled, looked up from examining the medallion. For a moment there was complete silence in the room. Then John put his hand warningly on Marian's and smiled at the children.

"We'll clear up this mystery. It's probably somebody's idea of a joke. Now, how about taking your skis out and waxing them, Geoff? And Clarissa can start on a snow man while Mummy and I have another cup of coffee."

He put his arm for a moment around Geoffrey's shoulders. Then the children left the room. The moment the back door closed behind them, John spoke. "Marian, this is ridiculous. There isn't an earthly reason why we should suppose this has anything to do with it. This is somebody's idea of a joke, and we shouldn't—"

Marian interrupted him. "It would be an expensive joke. It's gold, John. Nobody would send gold as a joke."

JOHN looked at it for a moment. "All right, let's suppose it's gold. But for heaven's sake, that doesn't necessarily mean—" John wiped his forehead with a big clean handkerchief from his breast pocket. "I mean, Marian, our minds — yes, not just yours, mine too — our minds immediately run to that one solution. It's — it's — why, it's ridiculous. It's practically hysteria. I tell you, we must get ourselves into a calmer state of mind. To begin with, we think far too much about Geoffrey, anyway."

"I am quite calm. But I don't agree with you. We don't think enough about Geoffrey, that's the real trouble."

"All right!" John said it explosively. "But we will not go into it now." He leaned back in his chair and visibly tried to get control of himself.

Marian's voice trembled. "You won't even admit——"

He interrupted sharply. "Admit? What do you mean by admit?"

"I don't mean anything." She looked confused. "But you must agree that to send a piece of antique jewellery and to write anonymously 'On This Blessed Day to Thee' is a decidedly weird way of saying happy birthday to a small boy." There was no answer. John stared at the tablecloth. "Well, don't you agree that it must have some meaning?" she said. "Some connection with—with——"

"No, I don't." He looked her fully in the face now and continued, an odd imploring inflection in his voice. "Please, Marian. Let's try to see this thing in its proper perspective. It is probably from somebody we know, one of our friends, trying to be funny. I don't say it isn't odd, but we can probably trace it——"

"And if it isn't one of our friends, if it's someone we've never heard of, then somebody knows where Geoffrey is." Marian's voice was flat, almost toneless, and John stood up, his face suddenly cold, almost expressionless.

"John," she said, after an empty pause. "John, darling, let's talk to Paul. At least, let's talk to him about this medallion or whatever it is. Perhaps he can identify it. Anyway, we must do something." She, too, had stood up, and they were now at opposite sides of the table.

John picked up the medallion, the envelope, and the airmail paper, and, as an afterthought, his pipe. "No, I don't think so," he said slowly. "No. We'll try to work it out by ourselves. I am going to the study now. I'll see you later."

After Marian had cleared off most of breakfast, she went to John's study. John, his pipe still empty on the desk before him, his face pale and tired,

To page 60

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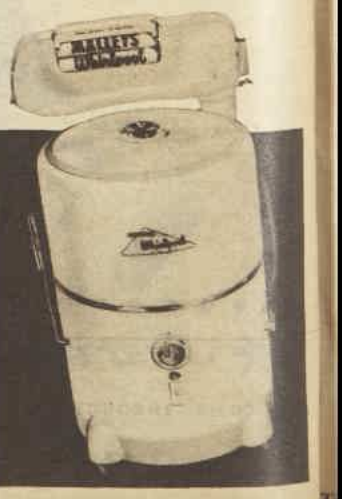

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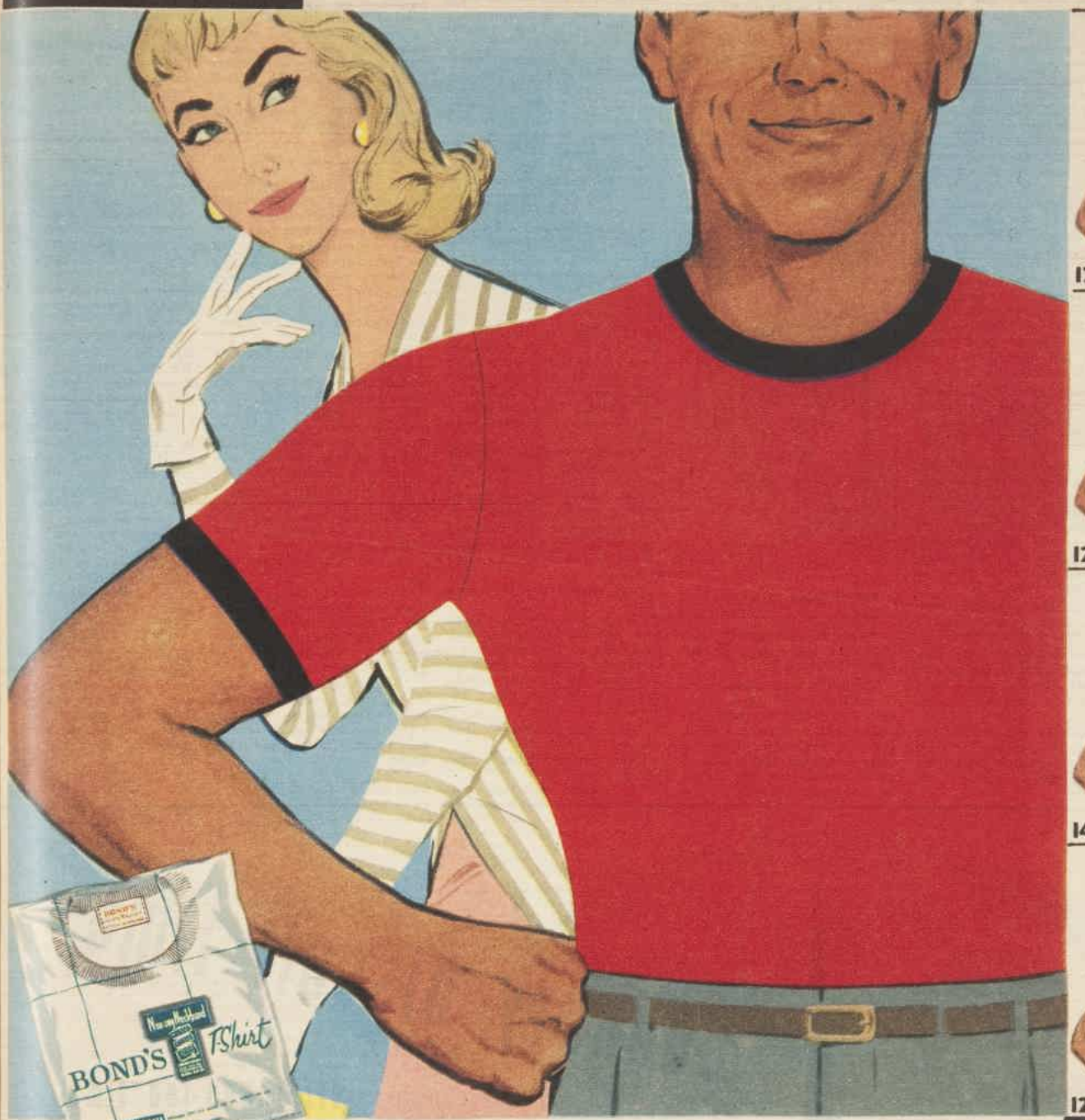

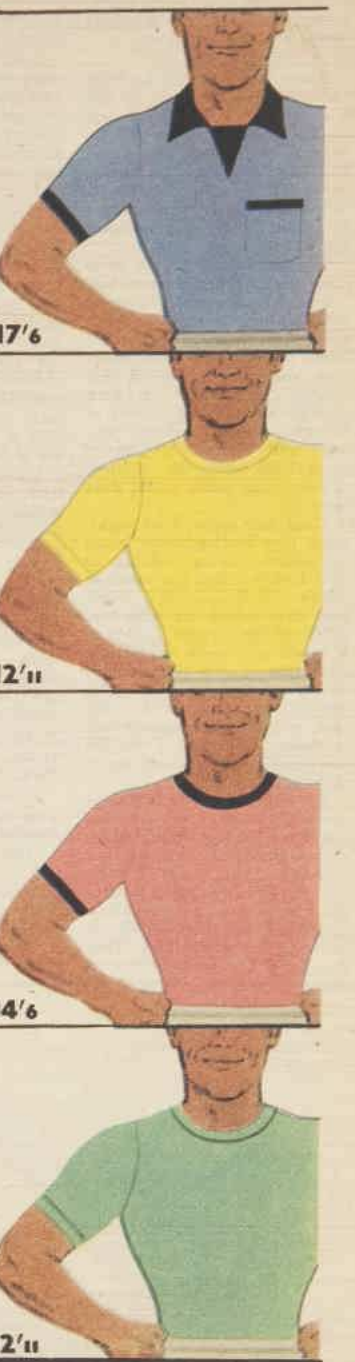

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Continuing . . . . The Medallion

from page 58

was sitting quite stiffly, staring out the window. His hand, balled into a fist, was resting on the desk, and when, in an upsurge of tenderness, she softly said, "John, darling," his fingers opened as if by reflex. Lying in his palm, gleaming dully, was the medallion.

. . . . . .

There was a fire in the grate but otherwise no light in the living-room. The house was utterly quiet. Clarissa was in bed, Geoffrey was away and had been since the day before on the class trip to the Berkshires, and John was working in his study. The clock over the fireplace struck seven.

Marian, sitting in the deep chair next to the fireplace, laid her head back against the warm red leather, closed her eyes, and once more in her mind lived through the two weeks past, since the arrival of that strange medallion. Lived through the days and days of charged silence between herself and John, of forced naturalness before the children, of ever-rising panic as the days went by.

Until last night. Last night, when they had suddenly found themselves talking, talking as they hadn't talked for years, or somehow ever since their courtship days before the war. And suddenly the terrible doubts in her own mind were less terrible now that they'd been voiced aloud, and all her faith in John was strangely restored, now that he had at last, wearily and tortuously, told her of the lies and complexities she had up to then only suspected.

She still did not fully understand the motives, the complex instincts, that had prompted his actions those ten years ago, but at least, at last, it was all coming out into the open. After years and years of endless misunderstandings they would now face this thing together. Paul and Jean Taylor were due in a few minutes. She and John would tell them, show them the puzzling birthday gift, get advice, help, but above all share this heavy secret.

John came out of his study when the doorbell rang. Marian rose from her chair and turned on two small lamps, thereby leaving most of the room fairly dim, with the fire providing the warmest light. Jean, who had greying hair and a particularly sweet smile, was smiling as she came into the room.

"Oh, it's lovely in here," she said. "What is it that always smells so good in this room?" She sank into one of the deep chairs. "Isn't it a wonderful, quiet weekend? You know, I am sure we both adore our children, and I think Bobby and Geoff are exceptionally nice, considerate boys. But isn't it just marvellous to get rid of them for a bit?"

Marian smiled. "It is quiet, isn't it? Clarissa is much noisier than Geoffrey, and yet it's much quieter with him away."

Paul, too, had greying hair. He was a comfortable-looking solid man. He took the glass John offered, and said, "Very refreshing." Then, coming directly to the point, he continued, "Didn't you say yesterday you wanted to show us something? What is it?"

"Yes," John answered. "Yes, we do. It's—it's an antique, I think. A sort of medallion."

"Good heavens!" Jean said. "Are you going in for antique jewellery now?"

"We didn't buy it," Marian said.

"Somebody sent it to Geoffrey on his birthday." John reached into his pocket for the pendant and handed it to Paul.

"That's funny," Paul said almost at once.

"What is?" Marian asked.

"You say somebody sent it to Geoffrey? Who?"

"Well—" John hesitated. "We'll tell you in a minute. What is it, Paul?"

"Well, I don't quite know, but I can't understand why they sent it to Geoffrey."

"Well, good luck, Jim."

"What do you mean?" Marian's voice was edgy, and Paul looked surprised.

"Well, if it's an original, and it certainly looks as if it is, then I just don't see how anybody could send it to a child. It's some sort of relic, I am not quite sure what. But as a pure guess I would say that it may be immensely valuable."

"Valuable?" John said stupidly.

"Yes. I believe it has some religious meaning or other."

"Religious?" John repeated again.

"Something Eastern, something to do with the Orthodox Eastern Church, I would say."

"The Orthodox Eastern Church?" Marian asked incredulously.

Paul, holding the magnifying glass John had handed him over the pendant, examining again the fine letters. "This writing, it's Cyrillic. Of course you can see it's just initials."

"What do they mean?" John asked.

"I don't know. I am not at all sure. I don't read Cyrillic myself. But you know, the funny thing is, I've seen this somewhere before. Or else one very much like it. I knew it the moment I looked at it. I just can't remember where. Now, what's all the mystery?" He looked up and smiled. "Who sent it?"

"It came from Austria," John said.

"Austria? Well, it certainly isn't Austrian. But who sent it?"

John looked Paul straight in the face. "We don't know."

"You don't know?" Paul and Jean exclaimed simultaneously. "What do you mean, you don't know?"

Paul continued. "Is this a joke?"

"It's no joke. We don't know who sent it. It arrived two weeks ago in this envelope, for Geoffrey's birthday. At least, it arrived on Geoffrey's birthday. There was no return address and no name."

"How extraordinary!" Jean said.

"Very extraordinary," Paul added.

"We hoped that you'd be able to tell us what it means," Marian said tensely.

"Yes, well—" Paul interrupted himself and looked first at Marian's and then at John's face. Then he carefully put the medallion on the small table next to his chair, took off his glasses, laid them too on the little table, and, with a movement they all knew well, slowly rubbed the slightly dented bridge of his nose. "John, Marian, what is the matter? There is something funny going on here."

WHEN there was no answer, he continued. "Look, you didn't bring this up to play guessing games. You asked me about this medallion. I can tell you right here and now that it's a museum piece. Heaven only knows how it got into the hands of a private individual and why such a person would then send it—"

Jean's voice was quiet and thoughtful when she interrupted him. "You are awfully worried about something, aren't you, John and Marian? Tell me"—she hesitated for an instant—"is the mystery you are making of this somehow connected with Geoffrey?"

Both Marian and John stared at her in amazement. "You know, I wish you'd just talk to us, just tell us what it is," Jean went on.

"But—" Marian didn't finish.

"Well, we've always known there was something bothering you. We—even think we know what it is." She paused for a moment. "Geoffrey is an adopted child, isn't he?"

Marian let out a slow, deep breath. John turned around and put another log on the fire. They could not see his face as he spoke. "How did you know?"

"He is—he is very different from either of you, somehow." Jean said slowly. "But what never understood is why y have been keeping it a secr He doesn't know it himse does he?"

John shook his head.

"But why, John? Ma people adopt children. A nowadays—"

Paul interrupted her. "Jea I told you, don't tell them, them tell us. They have the reasons." He turned to John "You did want to talk about it didn't you? I mean, that's wh you really wanted to do tonight wasn't it?"

Marian nodded, and John said, "Yes, yes we do. We wan to tell you and get your advice too. But it's a long story. It all started in nineteen forty-five in Rome. I was there on leave, with Eric Stanton. You remember Eric? We've talked about him." Paul nodded.

"The newspaperman?" Jean said.

"Yes, he is a newspaperman now. He was in the Army then. We had arranged to have the Rome leave together. We shared a room at the Excelsior."

John straightened up, walked across the room, and sat down in a chair near the fireplace.

"It was pouring rain," he said. "It was pitch-dark . . ."

There was no sound in the room when he finished, except for the crackling of the fire. There was no sound for a long time—until Jean blew her nose and Paul rubbed his eyes and said, "So that's it. That's it." Marian said nothing. She had known all this and had learned nothing new.

But for the first time in years in so many years, she was able to put herself, and her own hurt feelings, out of the picture and to see and think only of John. She pressed her cheek against the leather and let the tears run down her face unhindered.

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Continuing . . . The Medallion

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John breathed deeply. His voice was hoarse now. "There was a small strip of airmail paper in the envelope this medallion arrived in. On it is written, 'On This Blessed Day to Thee.'" He sounded utterly weary now. "So you see, that's what it comes to: Somebody knows Geoffrey is here, with us. Somebody we don't know. Somebody who is a stranger."

Paul said, "A stranger. Yes, I see. And you believe that is a threat to Geoffrey, John," he continued.

"I believe it," John said at once.

"John, how did you get the baby out of Italy and into the U.S.?" Paul suddenly asked.

"I told them he was my child," John said evenly.

"I see. That was necessary, was it?"

"It was necessary to get him into the U.S."

"I see. And the immigration people believed you, did they?"

John shrugged his shoulders. "Why shouldn't they have?"

"Yes. Tell me, did you sign anything?"

"I signed a deposition to that effect. The deposition also contained the information that the boy's natural mother had died."

Paul glanced at John's pale, tired face and for a moment laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Well, the first thing is obviously to establish Geoffrey's identity. You do want to do that now, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I do, although—" He hesitated.

"You are still afraid for him?"

John nodded.

"'They will not let him live,'" Paul quoted. "Still, this note, this birthday greeting or whatever it's meant to be, it certainly doesn't sound threatening. No, what is strange about this message is the phrasing of it. But that threat, John. What do you think the girl meant?"

John was standing in front of the fire. "I don't know, I've thought and thought about it."

"From your description, the girl certainly didn't sound like—like a gangster's moll. You know, Maffia vendettas or something like that."

"She was nothing like that," John said.

"Quite," Paul said dryly. "Well, in that case all it could have been was something political. And if it was something political, this is ten years later, and I cannot think of a political grudge that would extend to a small boy, through a period of ten years, to the point of murdering him."

All three of them stared at Paul, the word ugly and alive before them.

"Tell me, John," Paul said. "You know, it suddenly occurs to me, where did you keep the baby? I mean, what did you do with him after you found him? Did you report the dead woman, or just what did you do?"

"No, I didn't," John said, his voice less tense now. "I smuggled Geoffrey into our room in the hotel."

"Good heavens!" Jean said in amazement.

"I couldn't report anything, for, of course, that would have led to investigations. No, I smuggled him into the hotel, and then Eric and I took turns staying with him until we more or less legalised the situation. I told the police first that I'd found the baby abandoned in a doorway. Then later when we, that is, when Eric found out about all the difficulties—he did most of the legwork, the research, legal and otherwise — well, then I changed the story as I told you."

There was a moment's silence until Paul asked in a strangely flat tone of voice, "John, tell me, where is Eric Stanton now?"

At that very moment the doorbell rang sharply. Twice.

For a moment no one moved. Then Marian left the room to go to the door.

"For us?" they heard her say. "Thank you." She closed the door and came back into the living-room and handed John a yellow envelope. "Cable for you," she said. "What is it?" she added at once as John's face grew red when he read the message.

"Why, that's ridiculous," he said. "That's absurd. It's impossible!"

"What is?" Marian asked.

John looked at her, but didn't seem to hear; his eyes immediately returned to the paper in his hand. "It's, it's——"

"John, for heaven's sake," she said, and pulled the cable out of his hand, which remained as if he were still holding the paper. He smiled.

"Well, it's just ridiculous," he said again, in a tone of conviction.

At the same time Marian burst out angrily, "What an idiotic thing to say. Why, we know where he is. This is—"

Paul strode up to them. "Where who is, Marian?" he asked quietly.

"Geoffrey," she answered at once, aggressively. And then, as if pronouncing the name suddenly made them understand the implications, John and Marian stared at each other.

"What does the cable say, John?" Paul asked again, and John, taking the paper from Marian's hand, handed it to him.

"Geoff here. Implore you do not alert official quarters but join me Hotel Bristol at once. Eric," Paul read aloud.

The city of origin was Vienna.

"It must be a mistake," Jean said at once. "A joke."

"Of course," Marian said. "Of course it is. It's just a mistake."

"It wouldn't hurt to call Western Union," Paul said quietly.

. . . . . .

"Operator, this is John Houston speaking, in Medbury, Twenty-five Pine Road," John said into the telephone. His voice was tightly restrained, meticulously controlled and clear. "I have just received a cable from Vienna, Austria. Would you be good enough to check the message with your master copy, please.

". . . Yes, we feel there might be a mistake . . . Thank you . . . Yes? I see . . . What time was that transmitted? . . . No, I mean what time was it handed in over there? . . . Our time? . . . I see. Thank you," he said tonelessly, hung up, and turned to the others. "The text is correct. The cable was handed in at Vienna at 2.30 a.m. Vienna time. That means 8.30 p.m. our time here."

"It's absurd," Jean said sharply. "Obviously Geoffrey can't be in Vienna, more than four thousand miles away, when we know he is in the Berkshires. Marian, John, come to your senses. You know the school would have telephoned if Geoffrey had suddenly disappeared. This is too silly."

THE words were hardly out of her mouth when John again picked up the telephone. "I am going to call Wyndham," he said. Clifford Wyndham, headmaster of Townsend, Geoffrey's school, had been a Harvard classmate of John's.

"Clifford? . . . John Houston here. Sorry to disturb you so late . . . Oh, good . . . Clifford, could you let me have the phone number of the lodge where the boys are staying? . . . Three-six-eight? . . . Thanks. No, it's all right. I'll call you back. Thanks."

"Long-distance, please . . . This is Medbury four-nine-six. I want Copton three-six-eight." None of the others moved. "Hello, is this Starcross Lodge? . . . Yes, I want to speak to Mr. Douglas McIntyre, please . . . Yes, I realise that. Will you please wake him up. This is urgent . . . He's asleep." John said to the room in general, but no one answered.

"Hello, Douglas, this is John Houston . . . Hello . . . Sorry to get you out of bed." A moment's pause. "Douglas, this is—it's a silly question, but is Geoffrey all right?"

"Oh, no," Jean whispered as John's face grew ashen.

"I see," they heard him say. "What? . . . No, no, he isn't . . . What? . . . I, we don't know . . . Yes, yes . . . Thanks, Douglas." John slowly replaced the receiver through which Douglas McIntyre, Geoffrey's class teacher, could still be heard talking excitedly. John looked at Marian, who stepped forward blindly, and walked into his arms. For a moment they stood thus, then he gently released her and forced his voice to calmness. "He isn't there. All McIntyre knows is that Geoffrey came to him at eleven forty-five yesterday morning, a few minutes before they were scheduled to leave, and told him he couldn't go. That Marian wanted him back home."

"I?"

"Yes, that's what he said. He said Geoffrey was furious," John added just as the telephone rang. "Hello . . . Yes, Clifford. I was just about to ring you back . . . Yes, there —— . . . No, it isn't that."

He hesitated for an instant. "Clifford, I think you'd better come out here, can you? . . . No, no . . . It's Geoff. He—he has disappeared . . . Yes . . . We don't know . . . Look, could you talk to McIntyre again? . . . Yes, yes, that might be helpful. Call me back then before you come . . . No, no, not yet."

"He said you should call the police, didn't he?" Marian said as John hung up.

"He is calling the secretary to see whether she took any messages," John said without answering Marian. "I'm putting in a call to Eric, in Vienna."

But before John could put in the call the telephone rang again. "That was Clifford," he said heavily as he hung up. "He spoke to Miss Summerstone. She says that Marian called the school at eleven-thirty yesterday morning. She herself spoke to—to whoever said she was Marian.

"She says Marian said that Geoffrey couldn't go on the trip, that he was needed at home, that he was to take the twelve-thirty back to Medbury. that she—the woman who purported to be Marian—had already arranged for a cab to pick Geoffrey up at the school at twelve to take him to the train, that Miss Summerstone was to tell Geoffrey that it was essential for him to be home by one o'clock and that under no condition was he to bother me at college. Also that she—Marian—would not be home until one herself."

"But, but, I didn't call," Marian heard herself say stupidly. "I didn't."

"Of course you didn't." John's voice was hard, and he looked at Paul. "Miss Summerstone swears she knows Marian's voice. She swears it was Marian. And she saw Geoffrey leave in a yellow cab at twelve o'clock."

Paul nodded slowly. "All prepared, everything prepared. John"—he put his hand on John's arm — "call the FBI. Call them right now. Don't hesitate, don't think about it. Just call them."

John dumbly shook his head. "I can't. I won't. I must talk to Eric. I won't call anybody until I've talked to him. It's—it's too impossible, Paul. It's monstrous. Eric knows what it's all about."

"Yes, but how? And why?"

"I don't know. How should I know? By chance, perhaps," John said despairingly.

"John, John, think. The medallion also came from Vienna. It's too pat."

John shook his head.

"John, for heaven's sake, pull yourself together. Don't lose time. There is no chance here, no coincidence." Paul put extra emphasis on every word. "Whatever it is that has happened, somehow Eric Stanton is involved in it."

John didn't answer when he dimly heard Paul say, "What is he doing in Vienna?"; didn't answer the next question, "Is he working there for a newspaper? Which one?"; knew only that he was trying to remember something.

"I don't know what he is doing," John finally said. Then he added vehemently, "But I know Eric, and whatever has happened he is trying to help. I am absolutely sure."

"It's possible. It's possible, John, that he is trying to help. But a man who is not directly involved, would he use the term 'implore'? He says in this cable, 'Implore you do not alert official quarters.' Implore is a personal term, John. You have to decide whether you are going to handle this dreadful business as a personal matter between you and Eric Stanton, or whether you are going to seek the protection of the law. You have to decide that now."

GEOFFREY'S hands prickled. They prickled as they sometimes did when he awakened from deep sleep, and he turned them from side to side as he sometimes did when half awake. But they still prickled. His eyes closed, he pulled up his knees and slid his hands under the blanket to rub them—both against the smoothness of the sheet and to feel the warmth of his legs through his pyjamas. His hands stopped prickling. They lay still, still against his legs.

Geoffrey's eyes were closed, but his lids trembled. There were no pyjamas. There was no sheet. His hands, without moving, felt the cloth of his grey flannel trousers and the roughness of a blanket above. His heart began to beat, hard, hammerlike. Under his lids he turned his eyeballs left and right. His tongue, motionless, felt swollen; his gums were dry. He opened his eyes and simultaneously felt the vibration under him, and within him, and felt sick. There was cold sweat on his forehead. He felt steaming hot and threw off the blanket and began to sit up. A woman said something to him in a foreign tongue.

Utterly baffled, Geoffrey listened to unfamiliar sounds, looked at the young smooth-faced white-clad woman next to him, obeyed her restraining hand and lay back. Once more feeling almost hysterical he closed his eyes. He had read about people waking up in a

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For the working wife or any busy woman to whom minutes count, this five-minute tea-cake combines home-made appeal with jiffy-quick kitchen time. Iced with a simple frosting and filled with jam it will earn top marks for family-pleasing. Dot a few cherries on top for extra sparkle.

Dance through cooking time

It takes only five simple steps to make this... Five Minute Tea Cake

This is the way you do it.

Step one Grease two 7 inch sandwich-tins. **Time 30 seconds**

Step two Put two level tablespoons butter in cup, place cup in saucepan of hot water on stove. **Time 60 seconds**

Step three Sift 1¼ cups of s.r. flour into bowl with one heaped dessertspoon Sunshine powdered milk, a pinch of salt, and ¾ cup sugar. **Time 60 seconds**

Step four Take melted butter off stove, break one egg into cup and fill cup with cold water. Beat slightly with fork. **Time 30 seconds**

Step five Pour egg, butter, and water mixture into well in centre of flour, Sunshine milk, and sugar mixture. Beat for just under two minutes. **Time 2 minutes**

YOU'VE only taken five minutes —the mixture is ready to pour into the greased pans and put in the oven!

Cook in a moderate * oven for 20 minutes and your tea cakes are ready. Brush top with butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Serve sliced and buttered. Or, if you prefer, join with jam and ice with a simple frosting when cold. There are lots of variations on this time-saving recipe! Simply double the quantity if you would like a larger cake like the one illustrated above.

Of course, the secret is the use of Sunshine powdered milk in dry form so that the cake can actually be mixed with water! This is a trick you can use for scones, too—it saves time and improves the scones, because for a **"light hand"** with scones you must work quickly and smartly.

★ ★ ★

THERE are lots of other recipes in which you can use Sunshine powdered milk in dry form—cup cakes, fruit loaves, pikelets, cookies . . . and don't forget that when you use Sunshine it is not only more convenient, but you are getting the *whole* goodness of pure fresh dairy milk. In the processing of Sunshine powdered milk the essential vitamins and the natural flavour of milk are retained. *Only the water is removed.* Sunshine is FULLCREAM powdered milk—it should never be confused with skim milk products from which the cream and butterfat content are removed as well.

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HERE is a recipe for jiffy-quick scones made with Sunshine full-cream powdered milk.

JIFFY-QUICK SCONES

Take 8 ounces of s.r. flour, sift into a bowl with a pinch of salt. Add one heaped tablespoon of Sunshine full-cream powdered milk. Rub in 1-2oz. butter. Mix with enough water to make a soft dough and place on a lightly floured board. Roll or pat dough out very lightly to ¾in. thickness. Cut out — it's quicker to use a knife and cut the scones square—glaze with beaten egg and bake in a hot *oven for 7-10 minutes.

★ ★ ★

SUNSHINE is wonderful for ice-cream, too. Here is a quick economy recipe, so creamy just with the goodness of pure rich Sunshine milk itself that it doesn't need any extra cream! And see how easy it is!

SUNSHINE ICE-CREAM

Soak 1 teaspoon of gelatine in 1 tablespoon of cold water, then mix in ½ cup of hot water. Beat together 4 heaped tablespoons of Sunshine, 3 tablespoons of sugar and 1½ cups of hot water. Add this mixture to gelatine with 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Beat

well and freeze in refrigerator until consistency of thick cream. Remove from refrigerator, beat until doubled or more in bulk. Return to refrigerator and freeze until firm.

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BELOW are just a few suggestions as to the many ways in which you can use Sunshine, but it's all summed up really by saying "anything you can make with fresh milk you can make with Sunshine." Nestlé's Sunshine is such pure, safe milk, too. It's strictly guarded against contamination throughout every stage of its production. It's **pasteurised** for safety, and **homogenised** for extra digestibility as well as being economical and convenient. Trust yourself to the Nestlé's name and buy SUNSHINE powdered milk.

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Continuing . . . . The Medallion

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totally unfamiliar situation and closing their eyes in the hope of finding that they were dreaming.

He knew he wasn't dreaming, but instinctively searched for strength through a commonplace, familiar reaction. And then, abruptly, unexpectedly, memory returned in a flood of confusing recollections. Without consciously knowing it his eyes remained closed as suddenly, feverishly, event after event recurred to his mind: the school, Miss Summerstone, Mummy's telephone call.

"I can't go on the ski-ing trip?" "I want to phone Mummy back." "No, you can't. She especially said you mustn't. She won't be home till one o'clock." "You mustn't disturb Daddy." "Too bad you can't go, Geoffrey." "I can't go! Oh, I want to go." "It's too bad you can't go, Geoffrey." The yellow cab, it left the highway at—at——

He couldn't remember where the cab left the highway, as if it were all-important to remember just that. Then, unable to focus, he passed on, tiredly, to the next thought. The small road. Black-topped. Yes, black-topped. The big black car.

He again felt himself fighting the three men who pulled at him, felt himself pushing, boxing, biting, scratching, and then felt it again with identical pain so that it tore his eyes open and abruptly brought his hand flying up to his temple, where the blow had knocked him out.

Where am I? Where am I? The big plane pulsated smoothly, the air was warm and slightly scented, the hum of voices now reached his ears —voices, light coughs, laughs. A girl in a blue uniform went by, smiling at him. His body vibrated involuntarily with the rhythm of the plane. What is this? Who? What? Where? he thought. "Help, help!" he said, and didn't hear himself. "Help, help!" he called, but could not hear. "Help, help!" he screamed, and heard no sound.

He opened his mouth, he swelled his lungs, he shouted again, but nothing came out except a hoarse gasp. His face was bathed in sweat. "No, no, no. Daddy, DADDY!" Tears streamed down his cheeks. The white-clad young woman leaned over him again. She wiped his face. The kind young voice again spoke in the foreign language.

They think I am somebody else. He felt a momentary deep relief. Of course, of course, I must explain, he thought. "Please," he said, but no sound came. "Oh, please—" No sound. "What's the matter with my voice?" he tried to shriek.

Geoffrey sat up; the woman pressed him down. He sat up again, he took and held her hand, he tried to explain. As he tried harder and harder to speak his face became convulsed with the effort, his feet slashed about, his hands, at first gently, then frantically, grabbed hold of the woman's arms.

The last he saw were startled faces turned towards him over the top of the seat in front, and from the sides, and from behind him, for again he was lying down, held down by several hands as once before he now remembered. There was a prick—another prick—the faces receded, he was warm, his face and neck were bathed in warmth, a thickness was about him. Geoffrey slept.

. . . . .

Two hours had gone by. The fire had gone out unnoticed, and no one had relit it. Clifford Wyndham had arrived, bringing with him the school secretary, Edith Summerstone, who, distraught at what she considered her disastrous mistake, had over and over again described the telephone call from the woman who had purported to be Marian.

It was 12.30 when the overseas operator called back. Mr. Stanton was not at the hotel. Yes, he was registered there, but he wasn't in. Yes, it was 6.30 in Vienna. Yes, they had rung for him and the night clerk had sent someone up to make sure.

The hotel did not know where he was. Did Mr. Houston wish to leave the call in? Yes, she would leave the message: Mr. Stanton to call back the moment he got in.

When John hung up this time there was suddenly nothing in his mind except a vast, dreadful emptiness. For a moment he was unable to see, and fumbling in the air beside him groped for Marian, whose gaze was riveted to his face.

She felt quite different. Independent. And she knew now that she had always known: For months, for years, she had known that this would happen, that something would happen, that Geoffrey was not hers or theirs. She enclosed his left arm with both her hands. "Hold on, darling," she said. "Hold on."

"I am going to call the police," he said almost at once, in his usual voice. Marian's hands, ice-cold, remained around him while John dialled the operator and asked to be connected with the F.B.I.

. . . .

Geoffrey felt himself bobbing up and down. Up and down. It was an uncomfortable feeling, and he wanted to relieve it by turning on to his side. He began to turn to his right and although almost asleep, realised he couldn't, for he was tightly tucked in on both sides. His eyes were swollen and he could only open them a little bit. The lids were stuck, and his eyes burned. But the cool air did them good, was soothing, smelled good.

He saw a white uniform walking next to him and at the same moment realised that he was on a stretcher being carried by two men. At that very same instant a ray of sun hit his eyes; they began to water at once. He closed his eyes; tears streamed out of them warmly. Still almost asleep, he sobbed softly but uncontrollably, and in his exhausted abandonment was hardly aware of the stretcher being lifted and then set down.

And so, when a few moments later he felt something warm trickling into his mouth and down his chin, he opened his eyes again and saw a tall, dark-haired man sitting next to him holding with one hand a white bowl and with the other a plastic spoon with which he was feeding Geoffrey a warm, fine-tasting soup. The man smiled and said, "Hello," in English, and Geoffrey, this time remembering the time he was fully awake before, opened his mouth to somehow explain that he couldn't speak and found that he could.

"I can speak," he said.

"Of course you can speak. Why shouldn't you?" the man asked.

"I—I couldn't speak before."

"Of course you could speak. You were tired and asleep. You just dreamed you couldn't speak."

GEOFFREY thought about that. And then after a very few moments he stopped thinking, for now he could speak. At that moment he heard the roar of engines and felt again the vibration under him and sat up so quickly that the bowl the man held in front of him spilled over the blankets and on to his shirt. "Oh," Geoffrey said. "Oh, I am sorry."

"That's all right, Geoff," the man answered. "I'll go get something to mop it up."

He said, "Geoff." He must know me. Who is he? Geoffrey thought. How does he know my name? But if he says my name, then it can't be a mistake!

The dark man came back carrying a cloth. "You said 'Geoff.' How—"

The man interrupted his faltering question. "Just a minute, Geoffrey. First of all, let me clean you up. You might just as well sit up. Can you? How do you feel?"

Geoffrey didn't want to talk about how he felt. "All right, but look—"

"Yes, in a moment. Now, do you want to go to the washroom?"

"Yes, I do, but—"

"No buts. Come on, stand up." Geoffrey stood up. "Can you manage?"

"Yes, but—"

"Let's go." The plane was airborne now. When Geoffrey turned around to follow the man down the aisle, he realised that, aside from himself and the dark-haired man, there were only three other passengers aboard—two men, who sat on different sides of the aisle and stared at him without moving a finger to help when, feeling dizzy, he only managed with difficulty the swaying walk.

And a young white-clad girl, who sat by herself in the back of the plane, who saw his predicament and stood up to help, but sat down again when the man walked back swiftly, took him gently but firmly by one elbow, and guided him the rest of the way.

"Who are these people?" Geoffrey asked at once as they entered the small, compact wash-room. "What——"

The man interrupted. "Get yourself cleaned up, Geoffrey, and then we'll talk. I'll see you back in the seat."

"But—"

"I cannot stay here, Geoffrey. I'll see you outside," he said, and left the room.

Geoffrey spent very little time in the washroom. In spite of feeling sick, he felt unafraid. Meeting the man had suddenly lent normalcy to the fantastic situation, and what he felt now most of all was overwhelming curiosity.

His original conviction that this was a case of mistaken identity, first dimly conceived when he heard the nurse speak to him in a foreign language, and now clearly remembered, had given way to the realisation that this was not true. For the dark-haired man knew him,

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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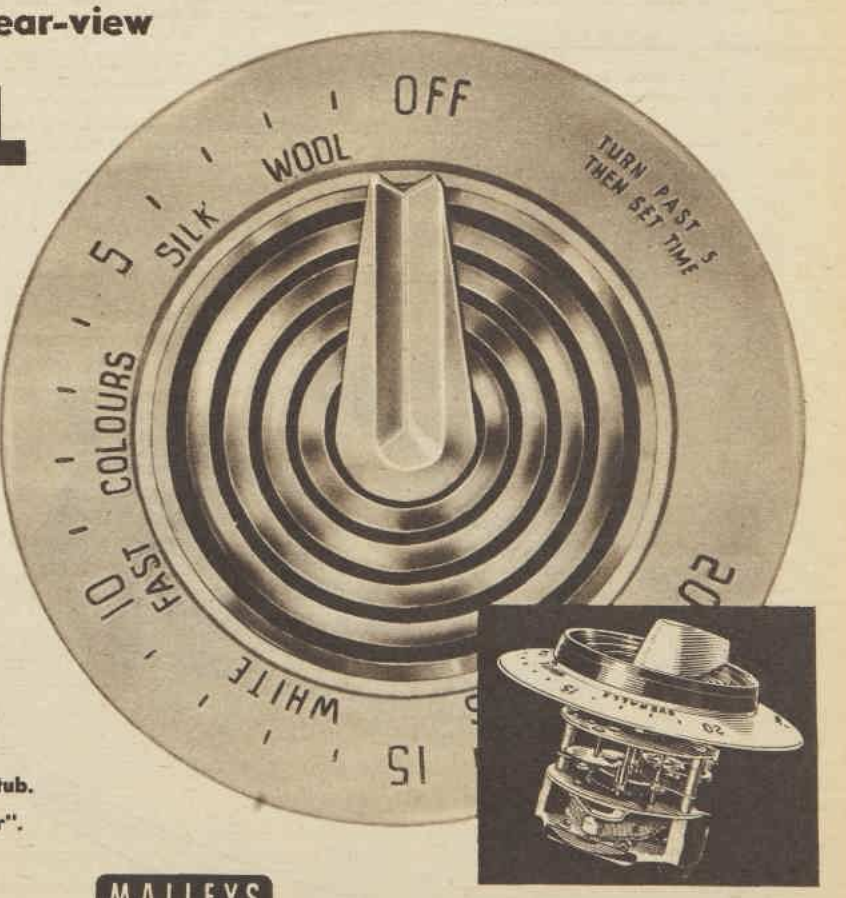

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Continuing . . . . The Medallion

from page 63

and, yes, he knew the dark-haired man. He had known this now for several minutes. I know him, but from where? Who is he? Geoffrey jumped up from the leather couch where he had rested for a moment, and, opening the door of the washroom, almost bumped into the back of a man who was in the process of assembling food out of several tin containers on to five trays. The man turned around at the sound of the door and stared into Geoffrey's face. He was wearing a grey uniform, buttoned high at the neck, with green shoulder-tabs and a kind of mandarin collar. Geoffrey hadn't seen him before.

For a moment they both stood stock-still, measuring each other; then the man turned back to his work, and Geoffrey, pressing himself against the opposite wall so as not to touch the man, walked past him quickly down the aisle, anxious only to get back to his seat and the dark-haired man.

"What is the uniform that man is wearing?" he said at once when he reached his own seat.

"Sit down." The man got up and let him get past into the window seat. As Geoffrey sat down he heard the two men at the back of the plane suddenly burst into speech, and, bounding up again on still weak legs, he looked back at them. The uniformed man was just putting a tray on to the tables attached to each of their seats, and the two men spoke to him in a strange guttural language.

"What language do they speak?" Geoffrey asked, still watching them.

"Sit down, Geoffrey," the man said.

"All right. But what language do they speak?"

The uniformed man had come up now, carrying two more trays, and the dark-haired man pulled out the table shelves on their own seats. "Eat your lunch," he said.

"Lunch?" Geoffrey repeated. "What time is it?"

"Twelve fifteen."

Geoffrey looked at his watch which said 6.15, and put his arm to his ear to listen. It was ticking away quite regularly. "That's funny," Geoffrey said.

"Eat your lunch," the man said again.

As soon as he looked at the steaming food on the gleaming white metal tray, Geoffrey suddenly felt ravenously hungry, and all other thoughts left his head. There was a large plate of what looked like vegetable soup. On another plate were several small pastries and a large slice of ham, and in a plastic cup was what, when he carefully tasted it, turned out to be strong, almost black tea with lemon and sugar.

Geoffrey ate everything as if possessed. And when he had drunk the last drop of tea, he leaned back in his seat, feeling incredibly full and warm. Feeling so extraordinarily comfortable, it was almost a shock to encounter the semi-strange face of the dark-haired man when he turned his eyes towards him. "Who are you?" he said doubtfully. "I've seen you before, haven't I? Who are you?"

The man swallowed the last of his pastry and emptied his cup of tea before he answered. But when he did, he looked straight into Geoffrey's eyes. "Look, Geoffrey," he said, "there are a lot of things you want to know, aren't there?"

Geoffrey nodded.

"And I can't tell you. I can't tell you yet. But nothing is going to happen to you if you do exactly as I tell you. Do you understand that?"

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Geoffrey swallowed. He had been sure the man would tell him all about it, sure it would turn out that everything was not strange after all, that he was with friends, that it was some joke perhaps. "But why should anything happen to me?" he asked. "What is all this? Where are we? Who are you? Who are these people? What sort of uniform is that man wearing? What language do they speak? That woman, that nurse——"

"Now wait, Geoffrey. Stop it."

"Why? Why should I stop? What is all this? Are they kidnappers? Why did they kidnap me?"

"We are not kidnappers, Geoffrey," the dark man said.

"You aren't? But——"

"Now be quiet and listen." And as Geoffrey opened his mouth, the man raised his voice slightly. "No, I said 'listen.' Now look at me." Geoffrey looked at him. "Do I look like somebody who is going to hurt you?"

Geoffrey looked very carefully at the tall thin frame, the thin face, the thick, dark, wavy hair, the grey eyes, and the high forehead. The man wore grey flannel trousers, a white shirt, a green wool tie, and a brown tweed jacket. No, he didn't look like somebody who would hurt anybody. He could be anybody. He could be lots of people we know, Geoffrey thought. "No, you don't," Geoffrey said. "But these other men——"

And then suddenly again memory returned fully. "One of them hit me. He, he knocked me out. Why? Why did he knock me out? He did, you know, he did. Why? What do they want? Where are we? Where is this plane going? What do they want with me? Who are you?" His voice sounded almost like a shriek in the silence of the cabin.

The man took hold of his sleeve. "Please, Geoffrey, please," he whispered. "Please be quiet. Don't ask any more. Just be quiet. Nothing will happen. I promise you you'll be all right."

But Geoffrey had turned around and, through the aisle between their two seats, had seen the approach of the two men, the man in uniform, and the nurse.

In his panic he half-realised that the dark man was trying to shield him with his own body from the oncoming group. He was talking loud and fast and violently in that foreign language, was pushing at the man in uniform who tried to get past him at Geoffrey, was pulled out of his seat by the man and one of the others, was held from the back by both of them, was saying, "No, no, no," in English.

And then they got to Geoffrey. Again Geoffrey was being held, again pressed down, again the prick of a needle, again the warmth, the heat. As Geoffrey felt himself falling, the last he heard quite clearly was the dark-haired man's voice saying: "I am sorry, Geoffrey. I am so very sorry."

. . . . . .

Three officers from the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Boston, the chief of the Medbury police force plus two of his men, and three State police officers had arrived at the house in Medbury at 2.30 a.m. By 3.15 John had once more told the story of Geoffrey, of Rome, and in detail, all he and the others in the room knew of Geoffrey's disappearance. Every light in the house was on except in Clarissa's room. The F.B.I. men had gone inch by inch through Geoffrey's room—his desk, his clothes, his drawers. Between

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OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER

SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH is used in the attractive floral motifs and lettering featured on embroidery transfer No. 209. Suitable for decorating guest-towels, pillow-cases, traycloths, and other household linens, the embroidery transfer is available from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

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JAYNE MANSFIELD

★ The flamboyant Hollywood star poses for the cameraman with her French poodle, Fabulous, who appears in her new Fox film, "Oh! For a Man!" Jayne plays the role of a glamorous Hollywood film star. Every time she wears a different costume, Fabulous appears with a coat dyed to match. It was in this glamor role that Jayne rocketed to stardom on Broadway.

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P.S. PICTORIAL-SHOW . . .

★ *is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.*

LUBBERLY FUN

1 REUNION after ten years of Lt.-Commander Reece and landlubber Tomlinson, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Sea Lord, is fittingly celebrated with gin and whisky mixed.

2 FELLOW OFFICERS calling the next morning to pick up Reece do not know that during the wild night he and his friend have changed clothes, and hurry Tomlinson away to the ship.

3 STILL PROTESTING, a groggy Tomlinson is piped on board with full naval honors as the new captain of H.M.S. Sherwood. Expecting official visitors, the crew is on its toes.

★ The expert touch of those two specialists in Royal Navy humor Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall returns to the screen with the Universal comedy "Carry on, Admiral," based on their play "Off the Record."

When a young officer, about to take command of his new ship, indulges in a night of celebration with an old friend, a landlubber, he loses not only his uniform but comes close to losing his command.

The roistering pair are played by David Tomlinson and Brian Reece.

4 EMERGING from his cabin, in which he has taken refuge — supposedly suffering from flu — Tomlinson is introduced to a fellow officer's sister, Peggy Cummins.

5 INSPECTION of ship by the public leads to Tomlinson's worst moment, when a mother insists he answer her sons' technical questions. Result is the firing of a torpedo at the First Sea Lord's barge.

6 WITH Tomlinson now confined to the psychopathic ward, Reece (left) has some explaining to do to the Admiral (A. E. Matthews) and daughter Jane, Eunice Gayson.

7 DRESSING-DOWN of the young men by the irate Admiral is broken up by the appearance of Eunice and Peggy. The whole story is told, and the Admiral, now speechless, can only shake his head.

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New Film Releases

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★★ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

Warner biographical drama with James Stewart, in Warner Color, CinemaScope. Mayfair, Sydney.

WITH a youthful make-up, and lightened hair, Stewart passes very well for the Charles Lindbergh who, in 1927, made aviation history by flying the one-engined "Spirit of St. Louis" solo across the Atlantic.

In retelling the story of the epic flight and the events that led to it, producer Leland Hayward and director Billy Wilder have soft-pedalled the obvious heroics, keeping close to Lindberg's own account.

The result is a quiet, faithful, and perhaps over-lengthy film which, for all the care and devotion that obviously went into its making, just falls short of firing the imagination.

Whether or not the flashback technique used was the best way of retelling an inspiring story could be open to discussion.

As well as the outer aspects of the shy, gangling young Lindbergh, in his long and exacting role Stewart manages to get across a real sense of Lindbergh's dedication and idealism.

Patricia Smith has the tiny one-woman role in a picture that brilliantly succeeds in recapturing the look and feel of the late 'twenties.

In a word: TRIBUTE.

★★ HOUSE OF NUMBERS

M.G.M. suspense drama, with Jack Palance, Barbara Lang. St. James, Sydney.

TENSION is well sustained in this story of a gaol-break, first into—then out of—California's formidable State prison, San Quentin.

Lantern-faced Jack Palance has the dual roles of a bad brother and a decent brother of almost identical appearance.

Serving a sentence for the murder of a man whose attentions to his wife he resented, bad Palance works out an ingenious scheme for getting his brother into prison to take his place while he is preparing a getaway for them both.

The scheme entails the co-operation of bad Palance's wife, Barbara Lang, and as the days of suspense and danger pass, good Palance and his sister-in-law find that they don't hate each other as much as they thought they did.

Harold J. Stone does good work as the neighbor who becomes suspicious, and several unexpected twists of plot and characterisation raise the film well above the usual gaol-break level.

In a word: EXCITING.

★★ FULL OF LIFE

Columbia domestic comedy, with Judy Holliday, Richard Conte, Salvatore Baccaloni. State, Sydney.

WHILE it may dwell overmuch for some tastes on the discomforts of the late stages of pregnancy, this simple and unpretentious film at least has the virtue of treating the matter in a natural and adult way.

Judy imbues her role of the expectant mother who is responsible for reuniting her husband with his Catholic faith, and with his stubbornly Italian father, with her special brand of warm humanity.

Conte, too, is sincere and natural as the harassed father-to-be, coping with Judy's recently developed phobias and his father's explosive temperament.

He is a young writer who, faced with the coming expense of Judy's confinement, has to put his pride in his pocket and call in his estranged builder father for assistance when the kitchen floor collapses.

Metropolitan opera star Baccaloni provides a rich, full-blown picture of the old-style Italian head of the house who refuses to give up the values and beliefs of his native land.

In a word: HOMELY.

News from Studios

ROME'S huge Cinecitta Studios have been taken over for the best part of a year by M.G.M. for its big production of "Ben Hur." Producer Sam Zimbalist is budgeting for the use of some 10,000 extras before the film is completed.

★ ★ ★

WHATEVER the truth of those stories about strife on the "Paris Holiday" set, when French comedian Fernandel was working with American Bob Hope, Fernandel apparently has no complaints about American methods of film-making. He is reported to have asked director Gerd Oswald to find him a good script so that he can make a film in Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

FORMER husband of retired actress Gene Tierney, Count Oleg Cassini, is nightly telephoning Inger Stevens long-distance.

★ ★ ★

"ANNA OF BROOKLYN," Gina Lollobrigida's first picture since the birth of her baby, is to have both an English and an Italian version. Her co-star, Vittorio De Sica, is directing the Italian version, while Reginald Denham is responsible for the (purer?) English version.

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To celebrate this year of 57, Heinz offer you the chance to win £5,700 for your baby as well as a TV set or radiogram for yourself. Providing your baby will be under 2 years old at January 31, 1958, you're perfectly eligible to lodge any number of entries in Heinz Great Baby Contest and they cost you nothing! Simply list your assessment of the popularity of the Strained or Junior Foods varieties (not both) listed below and write a brief statement as to why Heinz Baby Foods are good for your baby. That's all some Australian mother must do to make her baby £5,700 richer. Isn't it wonderful? But there's more! Although the actual closing date is January 31, 1958, the H. J. Heinz Company will award a special bonus prize to the first entry received from any family that's posted before Nov. 30, 1957. So don't delay! Tell every mother you know about it. Further supplies of entry forms are available at all grocers and chemists. Please read the conditions carefully and ensure that your entry qualifies for this mammoth prize.

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2. Entrants are required to fill in with the numbers 1 to 12 their assessment of the order of popularity of the nominated Heinz Strained Foods or Heinz Junior Foods. One group only is required, Strained *or* Junior — not both. In addition the sentence commencing "I serve Heinz Baby Foods to my baby because . ." must be completed in not more than 25 additional words.

3. Lists showing the established popularity of Heinz Strained and Junior Foods varieties have been already lodged with the A.N.Z. Bank, Dandenong, Victoria.

4. The winning entry will be judged on its accuracy with the official list. If more than one entrant achieves the same accuracy in listing either Strained or Junior Foods, the outright winner will be the entrant who, in the opinion of the Managing Director of the Heinz Company used the best selection of words to complete the sentence "I serve Heinz Baby Foods to my baby because . . ."

5. Entries must be adressed to "Baby Contest", H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria.

6. The judges decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

7. Only 1 entry shall be enclosed in each envelope.

8. Every entry will be read. The 100 nearest correct entries to the winner will receive 6 months supply of Heinz Baby Foods.

9. The first prize for the winning baby will be made available in the form of a Life Assurance Policy to the value of £5,700, payable when such child reaches the age of 21 years. Such policy will be taken out with and be under the conditions prescribed by the Australian Mutual Provident Society.

10. Employees (and their families) of the H. J. Heinz Company and their Advertising Agents are not eligible to enter.

11. All prizewinners will be notified by mail and the complete list will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly issue of February 26, 1958.

CONTEST CLOSES JAN. 31, 1958 . . . *but there's a special bonus prize for the first entry received from each family that's posted before November 30. Send your entry today!*

CUT OUT AND FORWARD TO "BABY CONTEST", H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD., P.O. BOX 57, DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

Place the numbers 1 to 12 in the appropriate squares showing your assessment of the popularity of Heinz Strained or Junior Foods. One group only is required.

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS —— OR —— HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS		HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS	
☐ Apples	☐ Pineapple with Rice	☐ Apples	☐ Mixed Vegetables
☐ Beef Broth with Beef and Barley	☐ Prunes with Cereal	☐ Apricot Rice Pudding	☐ Vegetables and Bacon
☐ Chocolate Custard	☐ Tomato Soup	☐ Chicken Dinner	☐ Vegetable Beef Dinner
☐ Lamb Brains	☐ Mixed Vegetables	☐ Lamb Brains and Macaroni Dinner	☐ Vegetable Lamb and Liver Dinner
☐ Liver and Vegetables	☐ Vegetables and Bacon with Cereal	☐ Egg Custard	☐ Vegetable Macaroni and Beef Dinner
☐ Green Peas and Carrots	☐ Vegetable Soup	☐ Pears	
		☐ Pineapple Rice Pudding	

This sentence must be completed in not more than 25 words:

"I serve Heinz Baby Foods to my baby because

.....

.....

.....

NAME ..... Baby's age at 31 Jan., 1958 .....

ADDRESS .....

RETAILER ..... ADDRESS .....

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"All in together"

Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean . . . a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

'DETTOL'

Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

the comings and goings of the police cars and the openings and closings of the front and back doors of the Houston house, the whole street and, indeed, most of the town had awakened.

Newspapermen had begun to arrive within a very short time, and by 4.30 a.m. Michael Benson, the ranking F.B.I. man on the case, ordered the house surrounded and all and sundry kept out. It was 6 a.m. when Benson gave them the first full report on what information he had been able to assemble.

"It seems absolutely incredible," he said, "but here is exactly what we've found out so far: A boy answering your son's description, accompanied by a uniformed nurse of Argentine nationality, boarded an Air France airliner late Thursday afternoon at Idlewild, New York. His papers, shown to airline authorities by the nurse, were in the name of Alfredo Mangenez, an Argentine citizen, nine years old and on his way to join his parents in Switzerland."

"What?" Marian interrupted. "Argentine?"

Benson didn't answer but continued: "The boy was said to be suffering from a rare blood disease and was to enter a sanatorium in Switzerland for treatment."

This time it was John who interrupted. "A blood disease? Good heavens, there isn't anything wrong with Geoffrey."

Benson raised his hand. "Mr. Houston, please! The woman, the nurse, apparently explained to officials of the airline that because of this illness the boy would be kept under drugs and in a horizontal position all the way to Paris."

"Oh, no," Marian said softly. It was the first time her composure had given way.

Benson continued quickly. "The plane arived in Paris at 11.30 Friday morning. My office in Washington has spoken on the phone to one of the stewardesses of that plane. She says the boy was asleep when they landed.

"She says there seemed to be nothing wrong with him. He

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was just asleep, that's all." Benson paused a moment, then went on. "The boy, the nurse, and two other male passengers from the Air France plane transferred to a waiting chartered plane at Orly. This plane had Swiss markings, had landed, coming from Switzerland, at eleven-thirty, and departed immediately the passengers were aboard, in the direction of Switzerland." Michael Benson stopped.

"But"—John was almost speechless—"how can you possibly deduce from this that the boy was Geoffrey? Good heavens, there must be thousands of boys vaguely of Geoffrey's type. This was probably——"

"Mr. Houston," Benson said again, "please. The airline officer in New York was shown a photograph of your son and believes he recognises him. We also know that there is no civic record in Buenos Aires of Alfredo Mangenez, a nine-year-old, supposedly an Argentine citizen. Moreover there is no sanatorium in Switzerland expecting such a patient. That's as far as we've been able to go.

"We also know that Mr. Eric Stanton was last seen at the Hotel Bristol in Vienna early this morning, at about three a.m., Vienna time, when he left the hotel in the company of two as yet unidentified men. And that a night clerk mailed a cable for him at two-thirty a.m., Vienna time, obviously the cable you received. At five this morning, when our Washington office called Vienna—that would be eleven over there—he had not returned to the hotel. His bed had not been slept in."

"And the plane?" John asked.

"There is no record of the plane landing in Switzerland, or for that matter anywhere else. For the moment there seems to be no visible connection between the disappearance of that plane over Switzerland and Mr. Stanton's cable to you."

Just then the telephone rang again, and Benson spent several minutes listening. "I see," he said finally. "I will. Yes, sir. Right."

BENSON turned around and faced the others. "My chief thinks the indications are now definitely that your—that the boy is abroad. There is just one thing." He singled John out, watched his eyes intently, and spoke slowly.

"Mr. Houston, I want to ask you something, and please think carefully before you answer." He paused. "Are you quite sure you don't know who his natural parents were?" His eyes seemed to bore into John's, but John shook his head tiredly.

"I have no idea, Mr. Benson."

"I see." The F.B.I. man's voice was factual again. "We are flying you to Vienna, Mr. Houston, and Mrs. Houston, too. Please get ready as quickly as you can. An Army plane will take you to New York, and we've booked you on a ten o'clock plane for Paris. The Army will fly you to Vienna from there."

"The Army?" John said, startled.

For the first time Benson was evasive. "Vienna is under Army authority, Mr. Houston. And this—this whole matter is—it is likely that it will become an Army matter." His tone of voice discouraged further questions.

. . . .

They had laid him on a bed, taken off his shoes, untied his tie, opened the top button of his shirt, put a blanket over him, locked the door, and left him.

The room was dark, dark except for the light that came in through the uncurtained window.

Geoffrey opened his eyes and lay very still. He awakened quickly, awakened by the silence, the smell, the feel of himself lying in bed all dressed, the feel of the bed itself. He was completely aware.

Slowly, slowly, as if they, all by themselves, could cause noise, he moved his eyes to scan the room. It was a high-ceilinged room, medium-sized. The little light that came through the window showed it to be almost bare of furniture. Carefully he moved his fingers to feel the bed he lay on. Will the bed creak? he wondered. Slowly, infinitely slowly, Geoffrey pulled himself up — first moving just his head, then raising one elbow, then pushing himself up by his two hands until he finally sat up. The bed made no noise.

Geoffrey sat still and listened. No sound. Then, swinging his legs over, he let them dangle down the side of the bed. For a moment he felt dizzy, and shook his head to clear it. Then, putting his weight on to his hands behind him, he touched the floor gently with the toes of one foot. That was all right. He put both feet down and slowly transferred his weight from his hands to his feet. Geoffrey stood up.

For a moment he stumbled, the floor seemed to reel under him, and then as he caught himself and his full weight came to bear on his feet, the floor creaked. In panic he almost jumped back into bed, then decided against it. He stood still and listened. He bent his head forward a little to hear better.

By taking very small steps I might avoid the creaks, he thought. But every smallest step causes a creak. I'll take very large steps then; at least there'll only be a few creaks. And unsteadily, with his feet spread far apart, he took huge

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Nature's warning signs

ACT NOW — BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Too many people say—when the daily shower of dandruff and fallen hair is brushed from their shoulders — "I must do something about this one day". They are overlooking the grim fact that dandruff is a warning sign of an unhealthy condition which will very likely lead to a serious loss of hair.

Many hair disorders, like dandruff, dry scalp, etc., are caused because the roots are being starved of their vital food. If your hair is undernourished, then you need Pure Silvikrin urgently. For only Pure Silvikrin contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy, vigorous hair. If you value your hair, start using Pure Silvikrin *today*.

THE Silvikrin PRODUCTS FOR HAIR CARE

PURE SILVIKRIN
For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of *the hair's natural food.*

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING
For *daily hair grooming.* Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of *Pure Silvikrin* — so it is truly a *tonic* hairdressing.

Also available — Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

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steps across the room, stopping after every step to listen.

It was very, very quiet. Geoffrey reached the window. The light by which he had been able to see the room came from the moon. He pressed his face to the window and looked down and then up and around. He was on the second floor of a brick building. Down below was a courtyard, and the building Geoffrey was looking out of was one of four surrounding the yard. Where can this be? he wondered.

He stood at the window for a long, long time. Over and over again he looked around the yard, from one dark window to another, one floor to the next. He kept waiting for some movement, some light. Twice a reflection from the moon tricked him, made him think some light had come on. Geoffrey leaned against the wall next to the window. The wall was cold to his back. He shivered.

His eyes scanned the room, stopped at a chair. He saw something there. He tiptoed up to it and put his hand out to touch it. His sweater and his jacket. His school jacket. It's my jacket, it's my jacket, he thought jubilantly. He didn't know why he was so comforted by his sweater and jacket. He buttoned his shirt and tightened the knot of the tie, which, half untied, had been left around his neck. Then he slipped into the sweater and jacket, and tiptoed back to the window.

When he leaned back against the wall he no longer felt the cold. That was better. Time, what time was it? In sudden alarm he felt for his watch. But it was still there. However, it had stopped at 4.55. Geoffrey looked carefully at the illuminated dial. What 4.55? Night? Day? And then, in absent-minded concentration, he wound the watch, staring at it all the time, trying to remember when he had looked at it before, when he had last seen 4.55.

His left arm itched. He took off his sweater and jacket, unbuttoned and pushed up the sleeve of his shirt; he held out his arm until the moonlight shone right on it. Three small red swellings. That's funny—— I wonder what——

And then suddenly he remembered. Blood rushed to his head and down his face; a tight knot of fear formed in his stomach. He couldn't breathe, and then he made himself breathe in very slowly, in small gasps, until his lungs were full of air, and let it out as carefully, as slowly.

"Come on, Geoffrey. Come on," he heard his father's voice. "Calm down, Geoffrey. Calm down." "Daddy," Geoffrey said very softly. "Daddy." And then quite clearly the thought came in so many distinct words. I've got to get away. I must get away. Now. How?

He put his sweater and jacket on again. No longer taking overlong steps but simply tiptoeing, he walked to the door and put his ear against it. No sound. He carefully pressed down the door handle. But the door didn't give—it was locked. I knew it would be, he thought. And again he persuaded himself: Quiet now. You knew it would be. He tiptoed back to the window.

The moon, the courtyard were as still as they had been when he looked before, the houses as dead, the windows as blind. And when Geoffrey examined the window he found that there were two of them, one inside and one outside, and that they both opened quite readily by means of a turntable handle in the centre of each.

The air that struck him was fresh and cold. It was a clear, windless night, and he smelled water. Holding on to the edges of the outside window, he leaned out. There was a ledge, and then the ground, five or six yards down. And again, this time clearer in the light of the moon, he saw the cobblestones, irregular and hard.

How far, how far, how far? But it was better to die jumping than to stay. This in his warm heart he knew. Yet still, irresolutely, he turned back to the dark room behind him. In contrast with the courtyard it seemed very dark—terribly dark and terribly close and still. And then he heard, like an echo, the dark man's voice: "I am sorry, Geoffrey. I am so very sorry." Geoffrey jumped.

Above him the window was open, wide, gaping open. And no sound. Geoffrey breathed in the cold air. I am out! I am out! He got up. His right leg hurt. Standing in the centre of the courtyard, he looked up and all around at the houses. Nothing was changed. All dark, all quiet. Limping slightly he walked around the yard. When he was catty-cornered from where he had started out, he suddenly found himself standing in front of what looked like an open passage, for he could see the pavement on the other side.

He walked through. When he came out at the other end, he was in a street that was bordered by houses on one side and on the other side by a low wall. The smell of water became even stronger. The street was absolutely silent. There was no one to be seen. Geoffrey crossed the street. He leaned over the stone wall and found himself looking at a river.

He was perplexed. What river could it be? Strangely enough, the plane trip notwithstanding, the fact of distance had eluded him. Geoffrey turned around and looked at the houses across the street. They were all four, five, and six-story buildings. And then his eyes stopped. Stopped dead as they encountered some crooked - looking structures across the way, some distance down the street.

Burned down; those are burned buildings. There was sound this time. For Geoffrey, walking fast and then running, made his way towards them. And his steps in his heavy shoes echoed loudly on the pavement in the dead silence. It was only 25-odd yards, yet he was out of breath when he stopped in front of the buildings he had seen from that former vantage point.

The ruins looked distorted in the moonlight; the stones piled up in orderly heaps beside them looked once more merely like broken rubble. The

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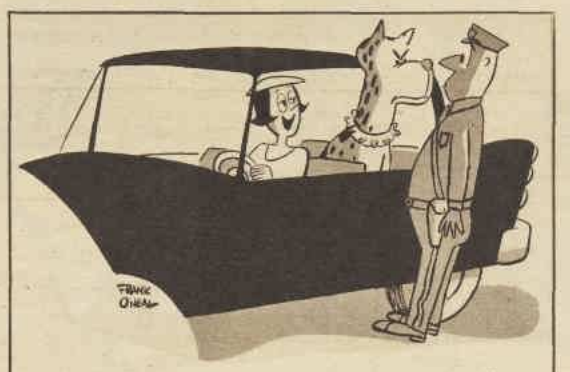


"You should see him when he stands up."

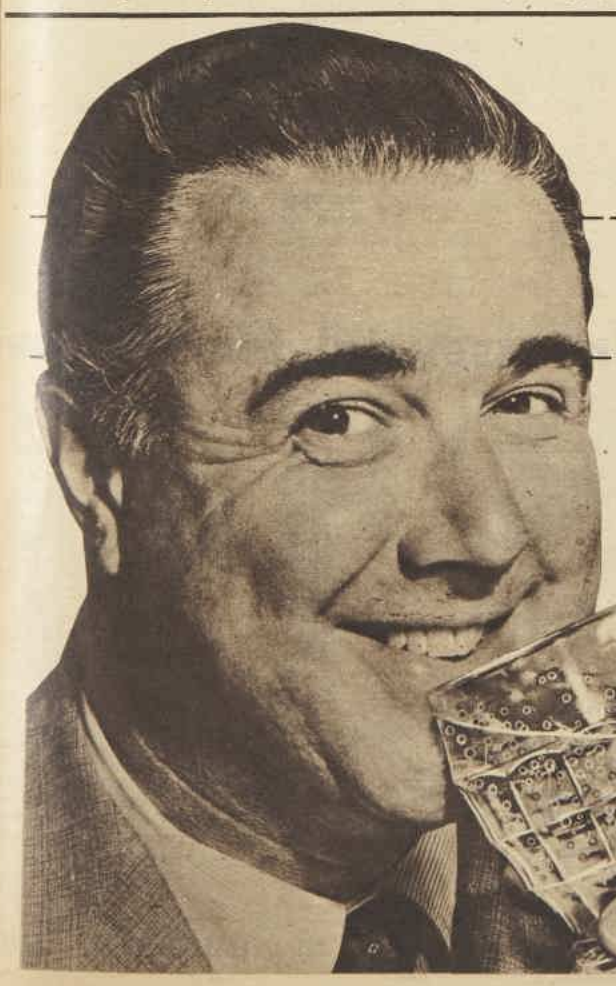
Fashion FROCKS

"CAROL."—One-piece summer dress designed with an American-style peaked collar and a full skirt. The material is a printed Tennyson no-iron cotton, and the color choice includes blue and white, pink and white, grey and white, and aqua and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/5/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/9. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/13/6. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

● *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*



WELL?

naturally I'm well

I take ENO

says

Terry Dear
energetic radio and T.V. personality

How are you? Are you *always* "well"—like Terry Dear? Or are you off-colour sometimes—perhaps through over-eating . . . or upset routine . . . or some other reason? Eno, the sparkling health drink, will keep you feeling happier—*really* well. Eno's unique formula gives prompt antacid action. It relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach . . . gently corrects irregularity . . . calms sick headaches. Anytime, enjoy a glass of good-tasting Eno . . . feel well *all the time!*

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'—NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

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Here's someone preparing a surprise—a delicious Kraft Cheese tray. It's lots of fun to let everyone pick out their favourites—and a perfect finishing touch to **your** fine menus.

Kraft Cheeses are rich in essential food values

Kraft Swiss Cheese (at left)—is now in slices. A full half pound of **individual** slices come to you in a plastic package that seals in the delicate nut-sweet flavour of this cheese with distinctive "eyes". Enjoy slices of Kraft Swiss in sandwiches and salads . . . snacks and savouries.

Kraft Bleu Cheese (above): A rich, piquant flavoured blue vein fancy cheese. Kraft Bleu Cheese is delicious served on cracker biscuits with salad greens . . . on the buffet table and in salads and sandwiches.

Monterey Cheese (at left): The mellow, well-balanced flavour and delightfully smooth texture of Monterey are fully protected in its new 6-oz. sealed plastic package. Ideal for snacks and lunch sandwiches.

Coon Cheese (above): Great news! This old-time "tasty" favourite is now available in convenient ¼-lb. plastic packages. No rind or dried out edges—a fresh ¼-lb. of "tasty" cheese that's fully matured and specially selected. Coon, made by Kraft, is a fine "after-dinner" cheese—and delicious in sandwiches and on savoury biscuits.

Kraft have just recently introduced these new, convenient-sized packs for Swiss, Coon and Monterey, and in some areas you may have difficulty in obtaining them. However, Kraft Swiss, Coon and Monterey are also available in plastic-wrapped rindless loaves, and storekeepers will cut for you any quantity you require of these fine cheeses.

Cheese is a wonderful food

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Enjoy wonderful KRAFT cheeses these exciting new ways

—5 easy-to-fix, nourishing ideas to bring new pleasure to your menus!

Not so very long ago your grocer had only a few cheese varieties to offer you. How Kraft has changed all that!

Expert Kraft cheese-makers have created for you a fabulous selection of cheeses — and matched the world's best. Mild or tasty, mellow or tangy, Kraft gives you a flavour to suit every taste — a cheese for every occasion.

All food — no waste.

Kraft cheeses are wonderfully rich in food values — packed with protein, vitamins and minerals. Kraft cheeses save you money, too — because even the bulk varieties have no rind! The thick rind on **ordinary** cheese can often mean a loss in weight of up to 20%.

New Cheese treats.

The good cooks at Kraft have dreamed up delightful new ideas to give you the **most** enjoyment from the wonderful range of Kraft Cheeses. On these two pages there's a tempting suggestion for every meal and special occasion. Don't let another week go by without introducing Kraft Cheeses to **your** menus.

Apple Pie and Cheese: 3 ways to enjoy this new flavour combination — 1. Slice Kraft Cheddar onto each serving of apple pie. 2. Blend 2 ozs. of shredded Kraft Cheddar in with your pastry mixture. 3. Dice ½ packet (4 ozs.) of Kraft Cheddar in with 3 cups of cooked apple slices before baking your pie.

Fresh breakfast idea: Spread creamy-white Philadelphia brand Cream Cheese on toast, then top with your favourite jam or jelly. Philadelphia is perfect, too, for making "Philly" cakes and pies, icings, salads, sandwiches, confectionery and desserts. *Send a stamped addressed envelope to Kraft Foods, Box 1673N, G.P.O., Melbourne, for a copy of our new Philadelphia Recipe Brochure.*

Pie without pastry: A Kraft Cheddar topping instead. Trim and butter 3 slices of bread and sprinkle with 2 ounces of shredded Kraft Cheddar (½ cup). Cut the bread slices in half and arrange on top of steak and kidney prepared to your own favourite recipe. Grill or bake until cheese is golden brown.

Salad with a difference: Serve long fingers of mellow Kraft Cheddar on a lettuce-lined platter with tomato slices, spring onions and radish roses. Cheese salads are so nourishing. For variety try Kraft Swiss, Coon and Monterey cheeses. And don't forget that spoonful of Kraft Mayonnaise.

Toasted Swiss special: Place slices of Kraft Swiss on toast, grill lightly, and serve sizzling. You'll want to use Kraft Swiss for sandwiches and salads, too. And try Kraft Swiss on savouries — its delicate nut-sweet flavour teams perfectly with your favourite drink at snack time.

— protein, vitamins and minerals

Kraft Spreads (at right): Choose from Cheddar Cheese Spread, Gorgonzola, Cream Cheese Spread, Smokay, Danish Blue and a non-cheese variety — Sandwich Relish. All come in 5-oz. reuseable glasses with Sandwich Relish also in a giant-economy size 10½-oz. glass. **Plus! Cheez Whiz** — creamy-thick and perfect for fast cheese treats.

Cheese Portions (at left): Ideal for lunch boxes — and always a hit at parties and picnics. Try giving portions in school lunches to the children who are not keen on their daily glass of milk. Big variety — Cheese and Bacon, Gruyere, Old English, Cheddar, Velveeta and Gorgonzola.

Kraft Cheddar: Australia's family favourite for snacks, sandwiches, savouries, salads and hot dishes. Available in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf. A bargain in nutrition.

Kraft Velveeta: A mild flavoured cheese food that contains all milk's goodness. Velveeta spreads like butter — in fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Choose the yellow 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Kraft Old English: For those in your family who like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Delicious in sandwiches, savouries and salads. Made from fully matured cheese. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese: Made from gallons of farm milk with extra cream added. Philadelphia contains valuable milk and cream nutrients **plus** Vitamin A. Your grocer keeps "Philly" under refrigeration to preserve the delicate fresh flavour.

and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

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weird remnants of the bombed buildings, as he stared at them, came to personify all his fear and all his apprehension.

He knew something about them, but didn't know what it was. His uncertainty overwhelmed him. And drawing in the cold night air, sucking it in in dry racked sobs, Geoffrey broke into a blind run. Not hearing or caring whether or not he was heard, he tore along, running blindly down the middle of the street, knowing suddenly with absolutely certain knowledge that he was in mortal danger, that he was alone somewhere utterly strange, beyond help from anyone or anything he knew.

. . . . . .

The Army plane that had been sent to meet John and Marian in Paris landed at Tulln Airport at 8.15 on Sunday morning.

The air that greeted them as they stepped off the plane was fresh and smelled of grass and mountains. The sun shone bright, and the temporary airport buildings stood out extraordinarily sharp against the hills behind them.

Marian breathed in this air deeply, and, still standing on the top step just outside the plane, looked at John, who stood beside her. "It's impossible, John. It can't be happening."

John didn't answer, but taking her arm, helped her down the steps. The man who met them as they set foot on the ground was in civilian clothes, wore a dark-grey tweed coat and no hat. He was about thirty-six years old, medium tall, with straight light-brown hair getting slightly thin at the top.

"I am Henry Tatum," he said and held out his hand to Marian. "I am from the U.S. Embassy. I'll see you safely into town."

"Have you found him?" John said.

They were walking towards a large brown military car that was parked only a few yards from the plane. A uniformed soldier-driver stood at the door, holding it open.

"No, we haven't," Tatum said, and urged them quickly into the car, which started off at once. He leaned back. "No, we haven't," he repeated, this time looking at them. "But we know he is here."

Marian's fingers bit into his arm. "You know?"

"Yes, we know, Mrs. Houston."

"How do you know?" John asked.

"Look, Mr. Houston. I don't want to sound stupid and, believe me, I don't want to make this any tougher for you. On the contrary, we will do everything to help. But I can't tell you any more now. You see, this is Army business——"

"Army business?"

"Yes, not State Department. Army. We'll be at the hotel in less than an hour. Colonel Matthews will meet you there—he is chief of G-Two in Vienna."

Marian's voice was nervously petulant. "But this is ridiculous. If you know anything we don't know, you've got to tell us."

"Colonel Matthews will, Mrs. Houston," he said stiffly.

Tatum took them to the Hotel Bristol.

"The Colonel will be here directly, I am sure." Tatum had hardly finished the sentence when, after a sharp knock, two men in uniform entered the room—a colonel, tall and spare of frame and hair, and a sergeant, big and bulky with sand-colored hair in a military crewcut.

"Hello, Hank," the Colonel said, and turned towards John and Marian, looking them over sharply. "I am Matthews. This is Sergeant Riehmhauser."

"I am John Houston," John said and held out his hand. "This is my wife."

Colonel Matthews shook hands with both of them while the sergeant mumbled something and inclined his head.

"Have you found Geoffrey?" Marian asked at once.

"Found? No, we haven't found him. But then, neither have they. They——"

"They? Who are they?" John asked.

"We don't even know who has him," Marian added.

"Had him, I think," Matthews corrected grimly, and was about to continue when there was another knock at the door. A young man in civilian clothes entered, stopped at the door, and stood almost, if not quite, at attention. He was tall and slender, with dark brown, slightly wavy hair, finely drawn face, large grey eyes, and a wide, firm mouth.

"Yes, George?" Matthews said, and when the other hesitated, added, "Go ahead. What is it?"

"They've blocked off the second district, sir. I've made a quick round. Guards are in position on all bridges."

"Any of the boys in there now?"

"No, sir. No one from the department."

"I see." The Colonel stood quietly for a moment, and then turned to Marian.

"Mrs. Houston, this is Lieutenant Radenkov." George Radenkov bowed slightly in her direction, then in John's. "As I was about to tell you when George came in, we don't know exactly what happened between the time your boy was brought here, probably late some time Friday and this morning. However, it would appear that some time last night the boy got away from where he was being held in the second district."

Marian's exclamation interrupted him. "Got away!"

"From whom did he get away, Colonel?" John asked.

Colonel Matthews looked taken aback. "From whom?"

"Colonel Matthews"—John spoke with an obvious effort at self-restraint—"we've tried to tell you. We do not know who abducted Geoffrey."

Radenkov, startled, stepped forward, but Matthews raised his hand, and his voice was curt and to the point when he answered. "The Russians abducted your son, Mr. Houston."

"The Russians?" Marian said.

"But that's impossible," John looked as if he had been hit in the face.

"Darling, why in heaven's name——" Marian clutched his arm.

Colonel Matthews cut her short. "The second district, as you may or may not know, is part of the Russian zone. As you have just heard, they have now sealed off that district." He turned to John. "Mr. Houston, understand me well: I am Army, and because this is happening in Vienna, this is Army business. But I am not interested in the ramifications of this case.

"As far as we of the Army are concerned, the Russians, for reasons of their own, have kidnapped an American citizen. This has happened before. They kidnapped him inside the United States. That has not happened before.

"They've brought him here, presumably because they are planning to take him into Russia, and this is a jumping-off place for Russia, one of the closest places to the West where a Russian plane can land. Why they didn't take him straight on after they arrived from Paris I don't know. But it's our luck anyway. Thank heavens, there is always luck."

Marian had sunk into a chair, and Matthews looked at her for a moment and then back at John. "Mr. Houston, we all know this is very hard on you and your wife. You've been brought over here because the F.B.I. in Washington thought it would be a good idea. It may have been at that. We'll see. But I hope"—he paused for a moment and looked from one to the other—"I just hope you don't get any ideas into your head of starting an independent investigation. If so, forget it. Just forget it right now.

"This thing is the business of my department. It's our job to get the boy back. It may turn out to be a very tough and very dirty job"—Marian's face was sick white—"and no innocent civilian, none, is equipped to deal with it. Mrs. Houston, we will try to keep you informed all the time of anything and everything that happens. I give you that promise. But I want you to stay here, here at the hotel. Don't move out of this room. Don't talk to anybody except us or people you meet with or through us."

It was John who broke in now. "Colonel Matthews, my wife and I understand very well. We'll do everything you say. But will you tell us now what you know? And where is Eric? Eric Stanton?"

The Colonel waited for an instant before replying. "I don't know about Stanton. We don't know. We are trying to find out."

"But he cabled us."

"Yes, I heard. Mr. Houston, this, I believe, is connected with those ramifications I spoke of earlier. Let us concentrate on facts now, on what we know. As you can probably imagine, we have our sources in the Russian zone. Lieutenant Radenkov is in touch with them. He had a report very early this morning of inordinate activity in the second district.

"He then found out that a search was being organised. Now I want to be honest with you. I shall be all the time, haven't got time to be anything else. We have no proof, even now, that they are searching for your boy. But we are supposing they are, because we do know they had him, and as it so happens, at the moment we can't think of anybody else they could be looking for in that

To page 75

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particular place at this particular time."

"But then you don't know at all where he is?"

"No, we don't, Mr. Houston. The second district is as large as a hundred or more American city blocks. The boy, if it is he, got away some time during the night, and God only knows how. However, that's neither here nor there. What he is apt to do, where he is apt to go, well, in the final analysis, that's just where you might be useful. You might know more about that than we do. Do you have a photograph of him here?"

John took out his wallet, and Marian opened her handbag, and they handed Matthews two photographs.

"Yes, I see. Tell me, what was he wearing on Thursday, Mr. Houston?" the Colonel asked.

"Grey flannels, white shirt, navy-blue tie, pale blue sweater, navy-blue jacket with the gold school crest—a large T on an E—on the breast pocket. He also had on a navy-blue overcoat and a wool cap with ear-flaps."

Colonel Matthews had taken notes. "Good. Now I want you to think. I want you to try and tell me what you think your boy is likely to do."

There was silence in the room. John and Marian stared at each other. And looking into each other's faces, each tried in his own way to see Geoffrey, to see him as they both knew him and yet had never known him, to know what he would do in a situation neither one had ever dreamed of.

John was the first to speak, the first also to admit failure. "I don't know. I just——"

Marian broke into his sentence. "Ever since this has happened," she said, "I—and I think John, too — we have tried not to imagine what Geoffrey felt."

John put his arm around her.

"Surely," Tatum said, "it would greatly depend on how much he knows. He may have figured out what it's all about. If he has done that, then his chances of safety would be greatly increased."

Continuing . . . . The Medallion

from page 74

"Geoffrey knows nothing, Mr. Tatum, absolutely nothing." John's voice sounded heavy and tired. "What has happened must be completely incomprehensible to him."

Tatum was incredulous. "Nothing? You've told him nothing? But how could——"

"All right," Matthews said curtly, "so he doesn't know. Mr. Houston, has Geoffrey ever been to Vienna before?"

"No, never."

"Has he had occasion to see pictures of Vienna?"

John pondered for a moment. "No, I don't think so. Anyway, nothing more than perhaps a picture in a schoolbook."

"Does he speak German?"

"No."

"Russian?"

"No, of course not. How could he?"

"I see. Well, I don't think any purpose is being served by our continuing this conversation for the moment. Tatum will look after you."

John stepped forward. "Colonel Matthews——"

But Matthews raised his hand to silence him. "Mr. Houston, Lieutenant Radenkov's sources are very good. And our organisation in Vienna is very good, too. We'll find the boy if it's humanly possible. But, for the present, there is nothing you can do. And there are many things we must do."

. . . . .

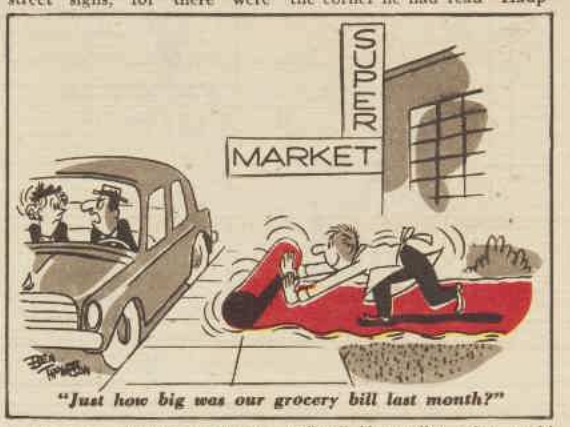
Geoffrey counted the strokes. Ten. He looked at his watch. It said ten o'clock. It was running well. He had found out the right time two and a half hours ago. Two and a half hours ago when, after running through what seemed to him in retrospect like hun-hundreds of streets and miles of park, he had finally, prompted by cold and gnawing hunger pains, taken his first big risk.

After he had started running—at what he now knew must have been about three-thirty in the morning—he had at first for a long time run along that same street, along that river. Then finally he had dived into a small crooked street on his right, and after that it had seemed to take him hours before he ever got out of small crooked streets. There had hardly been any street lights.

He had tried to decipher the street signs, for there were street signs all right, quite big and legible, with white letters on dark-enamel backgrounds; they were either attached to houses or to lamp-posts. Quite legible if one only knew what they were saying. He couldn't even get near pronouncing any of them. And then finally there had been a big square, and across the square what looked like miles of park.

Until then he had still not met a soul, but on the square he had almost bumped into a man. He had quickly ducked into a doorway, and, looking out, had watched the man walk slowly across the square. And when the man had walked under a lamp, Geoffrey had realised that he was in uniform, perhaps black or dark green; he couldn't be quite sure of the color. But he was sure that it wasn't like any uniform he had ever seen before.

It had seemed safest to get into that park; after waiting until the man had disappeared across the square into one of the seven streets that led into it, Geoffrey had run across and into what looked like the widest street but at the same time seemed to lead away from habitation. On a signpost at the corner he had read "Hauptallee." Hauptallee, what could that mean?



"Just how big was our grocery bill last month?"

Walking along under the trees on one side of that street, Geoffrey had kept repeating that word to himself, first in his mind and then out aloud: "Hauptallee, Hau-ptallee, Haup-tallee." And then "Hauptallee." Aller, that's go, to go, in French. Could this be French? But why should anybody want to bring him to France? Could this be Paris? Paris, the Eiffel Tower. He had to get somewhere high, to see whether there was an Eiffel Tower. But how could he get to something high? A tree?

He had looked up at the trees under which he was walking; they weren't high enough. But then, several hundred yards away on his left, he had seen, between all kinds of little buildings, something that looked like a huge circle against the sky. He had run across the road and cut across some wet grass until he came to it. All around him had been small wooden buildings.

It's a ferris-wheel. I've never seen such a big ferris-wheel, he had thought. He had walked on a little way, looking right and left at the closed and shuttered small stands.

Not a soul around. This must be the biggest fair there is, he had thought. He had turned back towards the ferris-wheel. If I were up there—he had looked way up into the sky, high, high up towards the highest carriage, which was so high it actually looked tiny from where he stood—if I were up there I could see everywhere, I could see everything. I'd know whether there was an Eiffel Tower, I'd know whether this is Paris. And then a definite thought had shaped in his head—the first shadow of a plan. I must come back here later and try to get on it.

He had gone back then, back across the grass, back into that broad avenue, and had sat down on a bench. He hadn't been afraid of the dark, although every few moments — even though he was not afraid—he had stopped thinking, as if thinking made a noise, and had sat terribly quiet and listened.

But he had never heard anything except the trees, and then when it had begun to get light, the birds. He had walked around a bit, stomped up and down, because he had been getting colder and colder, and by the time the sun had come up palely behind the trees, his teeth were chattering and he thought he had never been so cold in his life.

It was then that he had put his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers, then that he had realised, strangely enough for the first time, that the feel of his pockets was very familiar. He had pulled out, one after the other, all the things. He laid them out on a bench: Two handkerchiefs, one clean, one dirty; three keys on a key-chain; one metal ring he had found in the street a few days before; three candies, one of which he immediately popped into his mouth; and finally two dollar bills and 77 cents in change.

He had remembered then that he had taken the two dollar bills out of his savings-box in the morning. The morning? What morning? He had taken them out of his savings box to buy a book for Bobby and himself called "The Art of Skiing." They had been hoping for more snow for the skiing weekend.

The weekend? But before new fear could overcome him, he had felt the round candy in his mouth, and sucked it, and looked at the things on the bench. He had two dollars and 77 cents, and he knew that in foreign countries they use different money.

He wondered what the French called their money. He didn't even remember, but he did remember that money could be changed. He had two dollars and 77 cents, and with it he had somehow to get whatever they used for money here. And then he had to buy himself something warm to drink and to eat, and then he had to buy a ticket for that ferris-wheel, and to find out whether this was Paris. And then he'd find Americans.

There were always Americans in Paris; he had heard Mummy and Daddy say so often. Geoffrey had felt much better then. This was Paris; it had to be, because there was a French word on this street—aller. Everything was going to be all right, and this mystery would soon be explained.

He had started walking back towards the ferris-wheel. It was only a few minutes later that he had reached another square.

And then he had been standing in front of some tables and chairs and had seen a man, a waiter, in a black jacket and

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Continuing . . . . The Medallion

from page 75

trousers and white apron, putting some chairs and tables out on the grass and on the pavement.

Geoffrey had stood still. Through the large plate-glass windows he had looked into the restaurant, for that was obviously what it was. Inside, too, he could see tables and chairs, all empty. But the doors had been open, and the man, the waiter, working.

What he had felt suddenly was a great longing to be inside; the hunger came later, when he was already sitting down. But at first, above all, he had wanted to be inside. The table he had seen under the window he was looking through was shiny white, with cutlery and napkins and flowers. The sun had shone into that window, and it had looked wonderfully warm and safe and enclosed.

Geoffrey had gone in. He had paid no heed to the waiter, who had followed him at once, saying something in a foreign language. Geoffrey had sat down at a table and looked the waiter in the face.

"I'd like some breakfast, please, and I only have dollars," he had said, and waited.

Again the waiter had said something Geoffrey didn't understand.

"What is it?" a woman's voice had inquired in German from the back.

The waiter had stood there for a moment, undecided, and then appealed for help. "Come here, Frau Macherl. I cannot understand him; he speaks English."

"English?" The figure of a fat woman had appeared from the back of the establishment and joined the waiter in front of the table.

Maybe she can speak English, Geoffrey had thought. "Good morning," he had said. "Could I please have some breakfast? I have only dollars."

"Breakfast," the woman had said, delightedly holding on to the one word she understood. She had translated it for the waiter.

She told him to get going—surely he could see the boy looked half-frozen — and to bring him some hot milk with coffee and two slices of bread and butter. And as the waiter had ambled off, she had remained standing there looking at Geoffrey.

I wonder if she understood about the dollars, Geoffrey had thought. I'd better make sure. "I only have dollars, you know," he had said. "Dollars. I only have dollars to pay for the breakfast," and he had put his hand in his pocket and brought out the two dollar bills and the 77 cents.

The woman had taken the money he held out to her, and, holding up one of the bills, had read it. "Dollar." And then looking back at the boy, she had asked in German, "Have you no schillings?"

Geoffrey had shrugged his shoulders.

Just then the waiter had returned, carrying a tray, and had set before Geoffrey an imposing array of little silver pots and jugs, a small plate with butter, a jar with honey, and a basket with several slices of wonderful-looking white bread.

Geoffrey had looked up at the woman and smiled.

Geoffrey, although concentrating on the wonderful spread before him, had had time to notice the large clock on the wall which said 7.30, and to check his watch accordingly. The smell of the food, the warmth of the room, the obvious kindliness of the woman, and now the knowledge of time had combined to make him feel extraordinarily safe and happy.

The woman had touched his hand to attract his attention. "Here, child," she had said in German, and held out her hand in which Geoffrey saw his two dollar bills and change.

"But look," he had said, after rapidly swallowing what he had in his mouth, "that's all I have. I've only got dollars." Oh, now she is going to be furious with me, he had thought, and looked at her with apprehension.

"If I could only understand him," the woman had said to the waiter. "If it were a little later we'd have one of the boys here." The waiter had nodded. It would be a help if one of the American soldiers were here right now to interpret for this boy. She had tried once more and showed Geoffrey her other hand, in which she held two dimes and one five-cent piece.

Suddenly Geoffrey had understood. Gee, she means they are taking only twenty-five cents for this breakfast. Gee, that's not much. She is nice, he had thought.

He had been about to smile and say thank you when the woman suddenly had seen his face go red, then white, then red again, and, turning her eyes towards the big plate-glass window next to which he was sitting, had seen a Russian soldier staring in.

"No . . . I'm not married. Why?"

Geoffrey had searched his memory. Grey uniform and green shoulder tabs, grey uniform and green— Just then the soldier had turned and seemed to be calling out to someone behind him.

Geoffrey, his face white, had looked at the woman and the waiter for a moment in mute helplessness.

"Russian," the woman had whispered. "He is frightened of the Russian." And as Geoffrey, clumsily upsetting the coffee jug in his hurry, had got up and tried to get out from behind the table, she had prodded the waiter. "Come on, hurry up, help him, quick, quick." And the waiter had pulled out the table.

The woman had taken hold of Geoffrey's hand. She had led him out into the back. Geoffrey, looking over his shoulder before following the woman through a door she had held open for him, had caught a glimpse of the Russian just turning back to the window and gaping in astonishment at the empty chair behind it.

Geoffrey had not witnessed the entrance of the two Russian soldiers, nor the waiter's and later the woman's explanations, for by that time he had already crossed the kitchen and run out of the coffeehouse by the back door. The woman had pointed towards the left, and to the left he had run, into and through and out of a strip of wood.

Geoffrey had been in a panic then: He had run hard; but even while he was running, the thought, the question, had stayed in his mind. How could that man in uniform have known me? And yet he did. It was quite clear from his face. He wasn't the man on the plane. Geoffrey knew he had never seen him before. And then, still running, he had emerged from the cover of the trees, had run straight into three more men in that same uniform.

And even though they had only looked and didn't stare, still he had decided that that was where the danger lay—in these men, for some reason. But who and what were they? Who could they be? French soldiers? He didn't think so somehow. And anyhow, what would French soldiers want with him?

As he had run among the stalls, the ferris wheel, much closer, had still been in his mind, but his fear of the men in uniform had prevailed. A church, he had suddenly thought, and at the same instant remembered the outlines of a church tower he had seen when leaning against the low wall over the water. The church tower had been on the other side of the river, but there had to be bridges. He had to find a bridge.

Geoffrey couldn't have explained why he thought of a church as a suitable place for thinking, a place where he would be safe. No more could he have explained why that decision had given him new strength and even allowed him to think straight, to stop running, to slow down, to realise that a running boy might attract attention where a boy walking normally might escape it.

He had seen the jeeps drawn up on the first bridge he came to from some distance off. At first it hadn't occurred to him to connect that chain of cars across the bridge with himself. It was only when he was just about to cross the street alongside the river, to walk on to the bridge and cross it, that he had seen the men—again in that uniform.

And he had seen that there was a small line of people, moving along slowly, and that each person was questioned by the men in uniform before he could pass. The idea then had occurred to him. Yes, he had thought this was because of him. But it was not until a bit later, not until he had seen the same barriers across two more bridges, not until he had found this hiding-place near the water, that the enormity of this discovery had fully penetrated.

To be concluded

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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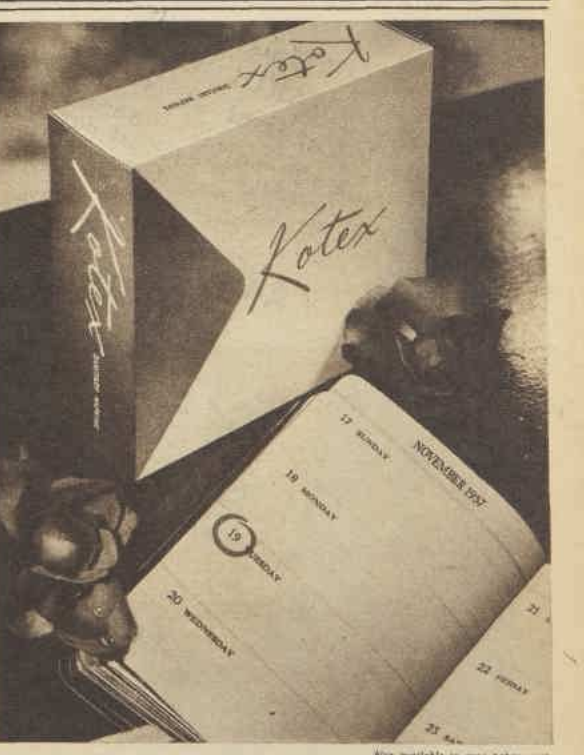

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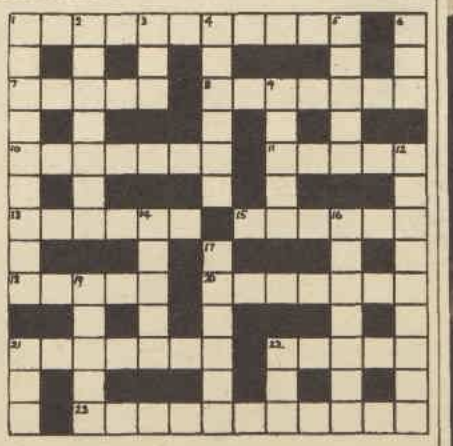

ACROSS

1. Very good stout and gin (11).
7. You may call it forward struggle (5).
8. See 21 down (7).
10. Long, heavy, swelling waves which may have smoothing effects in the garden (7).
11. Ward off from a leper (5).
13. Admit as dispatched (6).
15. Tremble Macbeth! Your type is visible (6).
18. William Blake's bright burning beast (5).
20. Punishment, a letter, a city or possibly money (7).
21. An outwardly clean South American (7).
22. One way to express doubt (5).
23. Proper flower for a farewell party (6-2-3).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Watchful servant on a Siberian river (9).
2. Vibrates possibly because of the small brooks it carries (7).
3. A boy or a cat (3).
4. Dwarfishness of a man with sin (6).
5. Gee! A sale by auction in a cluster (5).
6. Encore (3)!
9. Drum with a tassel (5).
12. It helps in the dark hours, but it ends in distress (9).
14. This sort of cheek is to be found in everybody (5).
16. This famous church is not an also ran, but certainly not a winner (7).
17. A candle-holder in a Candlemas concert (6).
19. Deep sorrow caused mostly by fire (5).
21. Vehicle forming flowers if followed by 8 across (3).
22. A pitiless umpire presents such an arithmetical problem (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Arnott's

famous

Nice Biscuits

Floats at the MARDI GRAS Carnival at NICE

Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday) is the last day of the Nice Carnival.

ARNOTT'S NICE BISCUITS

So crisp, sweet and dainty; with a fine, sparkly coat of sugar, reminiscent of the sparkle of the blue Mediterranean. They don't need any preparation and that's what makes them just right for picnics and parties and that quick cup of tea.

ARNOTT NICE

There is no Substitute for Quality.

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